

GRAPHIC

SOCIETY



POLITICS



DRAMA



MUSIC



ART



Vol. XXII. No. 24 Los Angeles, July 15, 1905 Price, 10 Cents



The CHICKERING

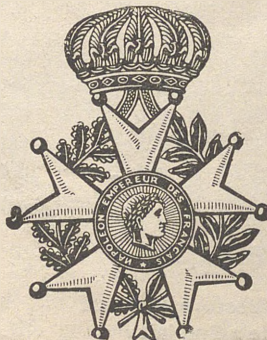
Dean of American Pianos, honored by musical people in every center of the world and hailed as the TRUEST EXAMPLE of Refined Tone by Critics and Musicians, it stands as a lasting monument to the genius of its founder—Jonas Chickering.

The NEW BABY

the smallest of grand pianos is offered, together with a fine collection of larger grands and uprights, for your inspection and trial.

We arrange suitable terms for payment by the month or quarter, if desired.

WE ARE SOLE AGENTS:



Southern California Music Company

332-334 S. Broadway, Los Angeles

San Bernardino

San Diego

Riverside

Venice of America

Just what the name implies--a reproduction of the famous Italian City on the southern shore of the balmy Pacific, fourteen miles due west of Los Angeles . . . **Venice** will be a center of music and education. In floriculture it will mark a new era. For ideal home life or for investment, **Venice** offers a rare opportunity. **Lots** now offered from **\$500** to **\$1200**. No more than two lots to one person. Price list subject to change without notice

For all information apply to

R. A. Rowan & Co., **Robt. Marsh & Co.,**

Exclusive Agents for Venice

Lots can only be purchased at our offices at Venice, Jas. R. H. Wagner, Mgr., adjoining offices of Abbot Kinney Co.

City Offices - - Fourth and Spring

I Have the Best Selected Stock of Wines and Liquors

To be found in Los Angeles

All brands of recognized merit--
whether Foreign or Domestic have
a place in this stock : :

I make catering to the best class of family trade a specialty. Telephone and your order will be delivered anywhere.

C. J. A. Last

MAIN 38 **WINE MERCHANT**
HOME 38 **129-131 N. Main Street**

FOR

"The Mysteries of the Heart Doctrine"

Cloth, \$2.00 Paper, \$1.50
The Most Recent Theosophical Volume.

"Theosophy and Christianity"

A Joint Debate, 15c.

"The New Century Path"

\$4.00 per annum 10c per number
An Unsectarian Weekly Illustrated Paper

Send to the

Theosophical Publishing Company
Point Loma, Cal.

J. J. LONERGAN

JOHN KOSTER

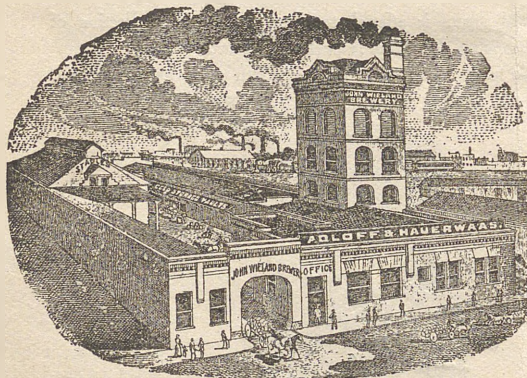
THE DEL MONTE TAVERN

219 & 221 West Third Street

The Home of Good Livers

THE SWELLEST CAFE IN THE CITY
PRIVATE DINING AND BANQUET
ROOMS - SERVICE UNEXCELLED

Wieland Extra Pale Chicago Lohengrin Lager Beer



The Great Western Product
Family Trade a Specialty

ADLOFF & HAUERWAAS, Sole Agents **Phones**
Main 468
Home Ex. 468

Hoegge's



"Ho-for-the
Mountains"
Stuff...

Everything
for it from the
Tent to the
Coffee Pot

The Wm. H. Hoegge Co.
Incorporated

Exs. 87

138-142 S. Main St.

GRAPHIC

R. H. Hay Chapman,
Editor

Published every week at Los Angeles, Cal., by
THE GRAPHIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

Offices: 392 Wilcox Building
Home Phone 8482, Sunset Main 503

Winfield Scott,
Manager

Subscription \$2.50 per year. Foreign subscription \$3.50 per year. Single copies ten cents. Sample copies and advertising rate on application. The Graphic is mailed to subscribers every Thursday and should be received in Los Angeles and vicinity not later than Fridays. Please report delays to the publication office. Entered at the Post Office at Los Angeles, Cal., as second class matter. Eastern Representative, Frederick M. Krugler, Rooms 917-918, 150 Nassau Street, New York.

Mad Race for Riches and Notoriety

By R. H. Hay Chapman

In the consuming fever of the race for wealth it is important that those who attempt to criticize the competition should not regard it with jaundiced eyes, because they themselves have not had the luck or the wit to capture one of Mammon's prizes. But even the millionaire, the man who has won, as well as the unfortunate who has been distanced in the race, must sometimes pause to ponder if the prize is worth the contest.

If there be nothing nobler in life than work for work's sake, there is certainly nothing meaner than the accumulation of dollars for the sake of dollars. In all ages the man who hoarded his dollars—the miser—has been the subject of commiseration and contempt. But in this day and generation when success is measured almost exclusively by a man's capacity to accumulate money, it is doubtful if the universal worship of wealth will not soon convert even the miser into a hero—at least into a person of extraordinary interest—excellent material for newspaper notoriety. The space devoted by news editors to the miser will only depend on the amount of bulion he has successfully stored away. Any "story" with a million dollars in it is reckoned "hot stuff" by the up-to-date editor, who will "feature" it on his first page. Why? Because he is constantly alert for "stories of human interest" and he is observant enough to know that even murder and sudden death or the spiciest scandal in society will not attract and absorb the public mind as a "story" with "millions in it."

When a man who has accumulated a considerable sum of money proceeds to spend it like a drunken sailor, the circumstances are deemed still more fascinating. The most vulgar details are elaborated—how many quarts of champagne and how many dollar cigars the rich-poor fool can consume in twenty-four hours are accurately figured by the exacting and picturesque reporter—and the most trivial incidents of the spendthrift's career, dished up with a piquant sauce, are swallowed with avidity by a large proportion of the reading public.

The spendthrift who must have been a very decent fellow as long as he was facing all manner of hardship and tremendous toil in his pursuit of dollars is an easy victim for the microbe of notoriety. If he has passed most of his life far from the maddening crowd, prizing an occasional newspaper almost as highly as a nugget, the virus of notoriety is all the more insidious. Because he has spent a few hundred dollars in such a spectacular way as to attract the interest of newspapermen, he is encouraged to throw away thousands to furnish more good "copy" with which racy reporters may regale their readers.

Any experienced newspaperman will tell you that he has come across hundreds of men and women to whom notoriety is more precious than any virtue—is often more coveted even than wealth itself. There are many men, indeed, who prefer to see themselves "roasted" in the newspapers than that they should be ignored. But the notoriety disease—for such undoubtedly it is—is peculiarly prevalent with people who have accumulated wealth suddenly. They are apt to be lonesome in the spending of their cash; if they can share it—at least on paper—with the readers of yellow journals, it seems to provide distinct consolation.

One Walter Scott, after braving the awful tests of Death Valley in his search for gold, might properly have been entitled to some hero-worship, since he has succeeded where hundreds fail so miserably, even to the sacrifice of their lives. It is not, however, his victory over Death Valley that has been paraded before the public eye, but his vulgar and ostentatious methods of flinging away the fruits of that victory. How Walter Scott endured the privations and hardships of his search for gold might have been the text of an uplifting story. How he is encouraged by notoriety to dissipate his "roll" with the greatest speed possible, to beat the record in mad extravagances, is apt to be a tale as debasing as it is deplorable.

If Walter Scott had contributed \$5500 to the children's hospital or to alleviating the sufferings of prospectors less successful than himself, he might only have earned an obscure paragraph in the daily press, but he would have won the respect and comfort of his own soul. Because he pays \$5500 for a record-breaking special train his name is given columns of space in newspapers, but what credit has he to his own soul? The few hours' mad excitement can only be succeeded by remorse at as insane an expenditure as if he had reburied his gold in the desert. His only satisfaction can be that for a few days he has held the center of a larger stage than when he cavorted through Col. Cody's circus as a cowboy.

But the diagnosis of Walter Scott's personal feelings is of small importance as compared with the influence upon the public mind by the lurid exploitation of his crazy extravagances. The vulgarity of it all would be prohibitive, if it were not for the fact that the eyes of most of us are set towards the Golden Calf and that any successful worshipper is a personality of transcendent interest. The publication of the vagaries of Walter Scott may however be of some value if men pause to ponder how useless and vain they prove money to be when worshipped simply because it is money.

Idiosyncracies of the Police Mind

By D. W. Fieldwin

Reference was made in the *Graphic* of last week to the deeply rooted police theory that a corporation may violate the liquor laws, while a private citizen is promptly placed under arrest for doing precisely what a corporation does with impunity. The theory prevails at police headquarters that half a dozen of the scum of the earth can incorporate a "club" and without paying a license sell liquor to anyone who will pay a dime or a quarter for membership. The *Graphic* believes that the police theory that a corporation can break the laws will be police gospel from year to year, in spite of a score of court decisions to the contrary. There is no prospect that the police will learn.

Police practice and traditions, it would seem, are beyond the processes of the average mind. For instance Los Angeles had another dose of police-itis on Tuesday when Mayor McAleer addressed the police board on a rule governing the acts of the patrol wagon drivers. Mayor McAleer drew attention to the fact that when any man is injured in the streets, the ambulance is called and the victim is bundled to the police station, whether he wants to go or not. Mayor McAleer said that two flagrant cases of police-itis had been called to his attention. One of these was where a man had been injured at First and Spring streets. His family physician chanced to be near and wanted the victim taken home instead of to the police station. The request was refused—the police ambulance let the man lie where he was. In another instance a man was injured on Pico street about two blocks from his home. Despite his protests the victim was driven a mile away to the police station. There is another aspect to this practice, perhaps. The writer has a very vivid recollection of an experience in the San Francisco receiving hospital. Cut in the forehead in a manner calling for cleansing the wound and the insertion of four or five stitches, he was almost thrust bodily into the receiving hospital. Not only was the surgeon's work so poorly done that erysipelas subsequently set in but the writer was beleaguered by "trusties" and flunkies who insisted that "Dr. Tennison Deane" had done the work and Dr. Deane was the only man to look to for subsequent treatment. "Dr. Tennison Deane" who is some sort of a relative of M. H. De Young of the *Chronicle* is welcome to this advertisement. He certainly had a competent

corps of hospital boosters. Perhaps some Los Angeles doctor is similarly equipped.

That a man who is injured, but not so severely as to render him unconscious, is deprived, through police-itis of the services of his own physician is infamous. No matter what the police traditions may be, there is a saving grace of common sense which appeals to all men who do not wear a helmet and a blue uniform. Common sense might have directed that the Pico street victim should have been driven two blocks to his own home rather than a mile away; but this system of reasoning would be lost on the police intellect.

It is a bit surprising, when the police commissioners realize the average mental attainments of the rank and file that the board should deliberately sanction the "incommunicado" system of immuring suspects at the city prison. It is unlawful to permit this practice, but the police board justifies it on the ground of expediency. There is in store for Los Angeles, some day, a fine law suit for damages for illegal imprisonment. The brilliant lights who rule the city detectives will some day hold the wrong person, illegally, for days without making a charge. Every time this is done the city is liable to civil suit. The writer knows of one case where a man was held for over twenty days because his relatives wanted it to be done. It may have been, morally, the proper thing for a prominent Pasadena family to keep a scapegrace scion—who has since gone to the dogs—from a Ventura county adventuress. It was none of the business of the Los Angeles police to immure that man in the city jail for no crime and on no charge. As Captain Bradish now has the sanction of the police board to support him, there is nothing to prevent his locking up any man for an indefinite time on "suspicion." If Captain Bradish and such doughty swashbucklers as Hawley, Murphy and Cowan of Broxburn lodging house fame—the slayers of the Choissers—were endowed with the keenness and acumen of Sherlock Holmes, they might be trusted with such extraordinary powers.

After all the police mind is a curiosity. Why is it that the possession of some little authority immediately swells the self-consciousness and self-endowed wisdom of the possessor to such inordinate proportions? Is common sense, after all, such an uncommon thing?

"Climbing" in Los Angeles

By Theophilus Dingbat

The present time, when "Society," both real and counterfeit, has hied itself to seashore and mountains, seems safe and fitting for a few reflections on the gentle art of climbing as practiced hereabouts. An' it please you, dear sirs and mesdames, let these same reflections be ascribed to the "silly season" an' they do not please you. Which may seem a trifle ambiguous but let it go at that.

It used to be a giggling, standing joke that in order to Break into Society in Los Angeles it was only necessary to attend the Orpheum attired in evening clothes, and go to Levy's for after-the-theater re-

freshments. It is still en regle to attend the Orpheum in evening dress, and there shall be many theater suppers in the new Levy's; but the time has gone by when these Slight Evidences are looked upon as certificates of perpetual membership among the Elect.

There are those, too, who worship at the shrine of the Society Editor and who pave their own entrances to the Sacred Realm by sending to the Daily Papers effusions reading something like this: "Mrs. Mondukque Q. Jones entertained informally at high five last Tuesday evening. The rooms were delightfully

decorated, the color scheme being tame mustard and smilax. Mrs. Jones received many encomiums for her ingenuity and thoughtfulness in substituting tame mustard for the wild variety which is so often the piece de resistance in party decorations. Dainty refreshments were served and the company went home in the wee sma' hours, voting they had had a charming time."

Seriously, the Daily Papers, in their Efforts to Please have rendered abortive many an effort to break into society via the newspaper route by failing to exercise proper discrimination in separating the Make-Believes from the Real Things. The Society Hopper of the daily press is indeed All Things to All Women; but that is their own affair.

But those who waste much good ink getting their Names in the Papers and thereupon claim to walk proudly in the Limelight of Society, are harmless enough beside those who, having become Suddenly Rich spend their way inside the charmed circle and climb complacently over the complaisant shoulders of the Dollar Worshippers. Still, the Gilded Diners of the New Rich are less effective than formerly, even in Los Angeles. It is not universally good form to sample one's own champagne to excess at a dinner party; and there are homes where a Bag of Dollars does not constitute the most effective door knocker. It is very often the case the climber is hoist with his or her own petard.

It would ill become even the Chosen of Los Angeles, however, to assume the smug virtues of the Taken for Granted. We are not so far from San Francisco after all, and it is terrible to contemplate what might result should some local Mrs. Eleanor Martin arrange an ironclad invitation list for some heavy-weight function. Thank Heaven, there is nobody who is truly IT in Los Angeles. In the meantime let us float peacefully and thankfully along, fancying that our own private little ripple is a wave that reaches across the whole wide Pond.

Matters of Moment

The Council in Word and Deed

Humor in the City Hall is so rare that due gratitude should be expressed for the smallest demonstration thereof. The most humorous feature of the municipal establishment in many moons is the Council's Committee on Municipal Ownership, Councilman E. L. Blanchard, chairman.

Talleyrand once sat at a state dinner next to a debutante princess, who withstood the famous wit's constant sallies at conversation in complete silence. At last, when the ladies arose, the young princess was troubled by a hiccup. The grateful Talleyrand promptly bowed to the princess saying, "Thank you, mademoiselle! Mademoiselle at last gives us a sign that she is still alive!"

Last Monday the Council's Committee on Municipal Ownership was troubled by a hiccup incited no doubt by the medicine of the Municipal League, to give an anxious public a sign that it is still alive.

The committee, in the absence of its chairman, E. L. Blanchard, who for many terms in the Council has been so ardent an adherent of the Public Utility Corporations that he should be an eminent authority concerning the advantages and economies of Muni-

cipal Ownership, ventured to recommend to the Council the employment of an expert to compile information on the prospective cost of a municipal electric lighting plant. At least we should be grateful for the fact that there is a Municipal Ownership Committee in the Council and that it has discovered, in its chairman's absence, that it is still alive.

On the same day the City Council, as a confirmation of their liveliness, passed the Spring street lighting ordinance by a vote of six to one (Percy Hammon was the one) over Mayor McAleer's veto and in face of an earnest protest from the Municipal League. The passage of this ordinance was a distinct and well directed blow against Municipal Ownership, amply demonstrating the windy insincerity of the Council's Committee on Municipal Ownership.

According to the reports in the daily press, all that Secretary Willard of the Municipal League asked and all that the Mayor inferentially urged was that the ordinance be so framed as to preserve competition "and thus save the city \$10,000 at the start and prevent a monopoly in the future." Such an ordinance, as the Mayor pointed out in his message, "was no doubt regarded with disfavor by the electric lighting company for the reason that the installation of a complete system of posts, lamps and conduits, owned and controlled by the city, would be a step toward the creation of a municipal lighting plant." Mr. Willard's warning to the Council was definite and unmistakable. "By your action," he said, "you place a large outlay upon the city which the property owners of Spring street were willing to undertake. . . . You are tying us up in a manner that prevents competition. . . . If the connections were made from pole to pole by the property owners at their own expense an initial expense of \$10,000 will be saved the city, and future competition will be preserved."

But the Councilmen, including the members of the humorous Committee on Municipal Ownership, were as deaf as adders. Their ears had been stopped before they entered the Council chamber. They deliberately scorned the interests of the city and bowed to the behests of the electric lighting company. Councilman Smith eased his conscience (save the mark!) by the meandering remark that "The Mayor's reference to Municipal Ownership is a flimsy excuse." The Mayor had given good and sound reasons for the faith that was in him. Councilman Smith gave no demonstration that the Mayor's argument was either "flimsy" or an "excuse." Councilman Smith and his colleagues, however, did demonstrate themselves as the "flimsiest excuses" for guardians of the city's interests but faithful custodians of the interests of a private corporation.

For the Council to have put itself on record in a single morning, as for Municipal Ownership in word and against Municipal Ownership in deed, is sufficient evidence of what a humorous body the Committee on Municipal Ownership in reality must be. But the patient public, if it takes time—which the Council hopes it won't—to turn its attention from beach booms to the way it is being despoiled within its own gates, may fail to be amused at this brand of humor and cause the Councilmen to remember that nooses, known as recalls, are dangling in dangerous proximity to their political necks. The recalled Councilman loses his opportunity to be humorous at the city's expense for the edification of private corporations.

Chauncey Depew, Grafter

Chauncey Depew, the beau ideal of post-prandial banquets and chestnuts, the high minded and superbly polished gentleman, whose handsome profile and venerable side whiskers were supposed to adorn the United States Senate, is discovered as a miserable, sneaking grafter.

Chauncey Depew has forestalled inevitable detection by confessing some of his grafts upon the Equitable Assurance Society.

Mr. Depew admits that the Equitable loaned \$250,000 to the Depew Improvement Company, although the State Insurance Department had appraised the value of the property covered by the loan at only \$150,000.

Mr. Depew has admitted that neither loan nor interest has been paid, and that the mortgage has been foreclosed. As a member of the executive committee of the Equitable, Mr. Depew voted for the loan to the Depew Improvement Company.

Mr. Depew admits that he made a verbal guarantee to save the Equitable from loss on this loan, but declares that the promise was not legally binding. In other words, having robbed the policy holders of the Equitable of a quarter of a million dollars, he repudiates his promise to make restitution.

In addition to this robbery, Mr. Depew has for thirty years drawn a salary of \$20,000 a year from the Equitable for the benefit of his "advice"—in other words, Mr. Depew in thirty years has spent \$600,000 of policy-holders' money in exchange for the use of his hitherto distinguished name.

The questions that should speedily be determined are whether Chauncey Depew, United States Senator and distinguished gentleman, is the same before the law of this Republic as the humblest citizen who betrays a position of trust, whether Chauncey Depew is still an adornment to the Senate of the United States, and if he is still to be the most prized and petted after-dinner speaker in America.

The Best Hour

"Get down on the floor here, daddy,
Get down on the floor and play."
And that is the song my baby
Sings to me at close of day.
"Get down on the floor and tumble,
Get down with me, daddy, do;
Get down on the floor now, daddy,
Me 'ants to sit down on you."

Then overboard goes the paper,
And down on the floor goes dad;
And onto him clambers baby,
And baby is more than glad;
And daddy's a horse and wagon,
Or daddy's a ship at sea.
And rolls with a little baby
As happy as she can be.

Yea, rolls with the babe and tumbles,
And grumbles, and haws, and gees,
And always a dimpled baby
With rounded and dimpled knees
Sits perched aloft unfearing,
And laughing with childish glee
As the daddy ship goes tossing
And tumbling across the sea.

Oh, good is the hour of gloaming,
When labor is put aside
And daddy becomes a horsey
A wee little girl may ride:
Or daddy becomes a plunging
Big ship on the stormy seas,
And is guided and captained onward
By a baby with dimpled knees.

By The Way

The Beach Boom.

Prudent men are asking where and when will this Beach Boom end? That it is a Boom with a big B even the most sanguine speculator cannot deny. Preposterous prices have been and are being paid for sand lots, indeed in some cases for space where there is not as yet even sand. In some respects the craze for beach property resembles the Cumulative Credit system. It is all right as long as there is a crowd of speculators ready to invest. But fictitious values cannot last, and values are fictitious wherever there is no earthly chance of realizing a reasonable rate of interest on property. The present method in many cases is simply to buy a lot without the least intention of holding it any longer than to wait for a raise. In many cases only a fraction of the purchase price is paid, and the sales are made "on margins." Such methods never did any community any good. The last state of a town after a boom is worse than the first. But until the crash comes—when the stream of buyers at inflated values is exhausted—there is plenty of "easy money" to be made. Somebody will get left. As long as it isn't you, who cares?

\$25 a Minute.

The magic of the name of Huntington has once more been demonstrated at Redondo. Within twenty-four hours after it was known that H. E. Huntington had made large investments there, the value of Redondo property had gone sky high. A friend of mine ran down to Redondo Saturday—not bent on any real estate hunt but for an exhilarating swim. He came across a Los Angeles friend who had just hung up his shingle as a real estate operator. The latter told my friend of several prize packages he had to dispose of; one in particular, a most desirable piece of property, for only \$1500! "But I haven't any money with me—not even a check book," expostulated my friend. "Never mind," retorted the operator, "take the lot, and be quick about it, for here's a fellow coming with the beach-boom in his eye. Take it, I say, and watch me." Before my friend had time to realize that he was the owner of Redondo real estate, the operator had sold the same lot to the newcomer for \$1950. And in twenty minutes from the time of his arrival in Redondo my friend was homeward bound with \$450 in his pocket. He was quite satisfied not to stay another minute at the beach. He had been away from his office two hours and a half and had made \$449.50 without putting up anything more than his car fare. "Talk about roulette" concluded my friend, "it isn't in it with these beach booms. Me to the mountains with my beach profits!" And this is no idle invention, but an actual fact that occurred at Redondo last Saturday, where I have no doubt the incident has since been duplicated many times.

Redondo's Destiny.

Mr. Huntington himself disapproves of the "boom" existent at Redondo. He was called on by some friends one day last week, and asked to sell them some lots, which they had not seen, but wished to buy on speculation. He refused to deal with them, telling them that after they had taken a look at the

property they could have the lots but he would not sell them what they had not seen. Of course, there are many who will lose money on their buys as values in many instances are out of all proportion to what can ever be realized, but there is no question as to the place becoming the great resort of this part of the world. Mr. Huntington after a careful study of the features of the land decided that it was the best place for a resort on the coast.

Millionaires' Paradise.

While people have gone crazy at Redondo, there is another locality where almost the same degree of wildness in purchases is going on without comment or public note. That is the old Shorb property and Oak Knoll and adjacent old ranches between Pasadena and Alhambra. Rich men of the city have been breaking their necks and taking chances on breaking their pocket books in buying acreage in that region which Huntington designs as a California Tuxedo. One millionaire wanted ten acres, but he was so desirous of having the privilege of choosing his neighbors that he bought fifty acres. If he does not find just the sort of people he likes he will make a private park of the forty surrounding his home to be built. Major George Patton can tell some stories about sales and resales of land in that locality that match the Redondo prices. But the game at San Marino is being played only by the rich.

Didn't Expect It.

W. E. Dunn, Esq., (he refuses to like "Billy" in print), is known to be keen, but he lost several hundred thousand dollars last week from not thinking quick. Mr. Dunn, of course, knew all about the Huntington deal at Redondo, before it was announced, yet he never tried to buy any property there until Tuesday afternoon when he sent a man down to purchase five lots for him. "It never occurred to me," he said on Tuesday, "until I read about the wild buying and selling there that there would be any marked speculation at Redondo. But the more I read, the more I kicked myself for not having taken a flyer, until I got so worked up over it, that today I determined to get in even if it were late in the game."

The dentist—"I'll have to charge you two dollars and a half for pulling that tooth."

The patient—"Oi thought yez charged fifty cints?"

The dentist—"Yes; but you yelled so loud you scared four other patients out of the place."—Judge.

Van Loan's Responsibility.

Charley Van Loan, the big sporting editor of the Examiner, had already won about all the local fame in sight, but by his vivid exploitation of Walter Scott's crazy race across the continent has no doubt attracted the admiration of many thousands of Hearst readers. Two years ago Van Loan held down a stool in the local office of the Standard Oil Company. For pastime and additional pocket-money he wrote breezy screeds concerning sporting events for the San Francisco Bulletin, signing himself "Van." He was a born newspaperman, but had wasted some years of his valued life in adding up Mr. Rockefeller's profits. Van's similes were so original and his style so vivacious that the Herald induced him to forsake his Standard Oil stool and report baseball and other sports for its columns. In a very few weeks every sporting man in town was reading the

Herald and Van Loan's salary was constantly being raised. But when Mr. Hearst's agents set about the establishment of an Examiner here, Van Loan was the first man on the Herald's staff that they coveted and coralled. From the first day of the Examiner's publication here Van Loan has been one of its towers of strength. He can sling slang more inimitably than any writer in the country—George Ade only excepted. And despite the enormous amount of copy Van rattles out on his typewriter, averaging probably 15,000 words a week, you rarely find him hitting the same pipe twice. In many respects Van Loan is the most picturesque reporter in America, which means anywhere on earth. I am afraid that the day cannot be far distant when W. R. Hearst will find Van's fertile imagination indispensable in New York. Incidentally, there is little question that Van Loan was responsible for Walter Scott's Death Valley Coyote Special. Van immediately saw great possibilities in the miner's development. He proceeded to develop him. I will bet dollars to buttons that the record breaking special idea was born in the prolific brain of Charles Van Loan.

Got His Money's Worth.

The Santa Fe officials are of course elated at the very handsome advertisement their road has received at Mr. Scott's expense. "But," says John Byrne, "Scott got his money's worth before the special even started. There were 1500 people at the La Grande depot on Sunday afternoon to see the start, and Scott was of course the cynosure of all eyes. He strutted about the platform with the dignity of Edwin Booth. It was undoubtedly the proudest moment of his life." Such proud moments, however, come high, and it would be a good thing if they came higher. How else could this strange cowboy-miner have brought the world to his feet?

Walter Scott Intimacies.

The following paragraphs are snatched from one day's newspaper account of Walter Scott's doings:

"The first thing Scott did when he entered the \$20 a day bridal suite of the Great Northern was to sail his hat into the corner and spit on the carpet."

"He was posing in front of eight cameras and on his face was the foolish grin of a man who knew better."

**During the Summer months have your
old Pictures and Daguerotypes
ENLARGED**



**New Studio
336½ South Broadway**

"Maybe there won't be so many people here to see me," said he plaintively. It was the wail of a man who loves attention and the spot light of fierce publicity."

"Scotty" certainly established a world's drinking record. He had been without sleep, tossed on a flying train for two days and nights, but he drank with all comers."

"He offered a \$20 bill to a reporter and was dumb-founded when it was declined."

Great Scott!

A learned clergyman was talking with an illiterate preacher, who professed to despise education.

"You have been to college, I suppose?" asked the latter.

"I have, sir," was the curt answer.

"I am thankful," said the ignorant one, "that the Lord has opened my mouth to preach without learning."

"A similar event occurred in Balaam's time," was the retort.—Harper's Weekly.

The Foster Alarm System.

The annual report of the Chief of Police containing among other recommendations one in favor of installing the Foster burglar alarm in the residence district recalls the long fight that has been made by the commercial and municipal bodies in favor of better police protection in the residence districts and the persistent refusal of the Council and Police Commission to grant relief. The contest of strength between the citizens and the Gamewell-Alarm-people-and-the-City-Electrician began at least eighteen months ago and it is a good illustration how utterly powerless the mere voter is, as compared with a corporation that makes a business of politics. The last police commission including the Mayor and the Chief were unanimously in favor of adopting the Foster alarm and recommended the device to the Council. Means were provided by an increase of the saloon license, which it was agreed should go into the betterment of the police conditions. The proposition for putting in 100 Foster lights stuck in council committee for many months, until at last, in spite of the opposition of the Gamewell-people-and-the-City-Electrician, it was forced out into the Council. That body agreed that if Mr. Foster would put in ten lights experimentally, at his own cost, and run them for ninety days successfully, the city would adopt the system. He put in the lights and they were a striking success—no one questions that fact. By this time the city election was at hand and McAleer, then a councilman, was fearful that his vote in favor of the system would cost him the opposition of the Gamewell-people-and-the-City-Electrician; wherefore he begged Foster to postpone the matter until after election. Foster persisted, however, and the Council proceeded to break its word and refused to install the system. The new Council throws the matter back to the Police Commission and that body,

dominated by the Mayor, postpones action indefinitely. The Mayor really believes in the Foster system; he is on record as a Councilman in favor of it; but because Foster went contrary to his wishes on a political issue, he now throws every possible obstacle in the way of putting in the system. That is the situation plainly stated. On one side, the welfare of the city—for no other plan save the red-light signal will ever protect our scattered residence section—on the other, cheap politics and the Gamewell-people-and-the-City-Electrician.

Pusillanimity.

It is by such examples of small-mindedness that Mayor McAleer is disappointing many of his best friends, who had the fullest confidence in his integrity and great hopes that he would develop with his responsibilities. The Mayor does not seem to appreciate the fact that the office is greater than the man. That he should still harbor animosities against men who worked and voted against his election proves his limitations. Because Foster was opposed to his election is the silliest excuse for his reversing his opinion of Foster's police signal system. The Mayor has "made up his mind"—and his mind when made up is not big enough to change—concerning his appointments to the Board of Public Works. Two of his contemplated appointments are excellent—E. T. Perkins, one of the most valued officers of the United States Geological Survey Bureau, and J. R. Mathews, a business man of wide experience and thoroughly conversant with Los Angeles interests—but the third is indefensible. The third nominee has no earthly qualifications for such a position and the Mayor's only excuse can be personal friendship, which is no excuse at all for saddling upon the city an incompetent drawing \$3600 a year of the people's money. For the sake of doing a good turn to a friend Mayor McAleer will persist in destroying his own political future, and giving the Council a just cause for quarreling with him, for it is almost a certainty that the Council will refuse to confirm such an appointment.

The Lion's Den.

I rejoice to see that the July number of "Out West" bears every evidence of robust health, with "The Nation Back of Us" and "The World in Front." And I also rejoice to read Charles Amadon Moody's announcement that the Lion's "acceptance of the vacant position in the Los Angeles Public Library will in no wise interfere with his efficiency upon this magazine, nor in any one of the many undertakings in the public behalf upon which he is engaged." It would be a misfortune, indeed, and a personal grievance to all its readers if "Out West" were to lose the distinguished tenant of the "Lion's Den." Lummis and Moody will continue to edit "Out West," which is the one distinctive magazine published in Southern California and deserves the interest and support of every Southern Californian. I only hope that by Sept. 1 "Out West" and his other literary labors may be keeping Mr. Lummis so busy that he will be anxious to avoid "the vacant position in the Public Library."

Why Negotiations Stopped.

Messrs. Otis and Chandler came within a short distance of unloading the Herald last week, but at the eleventh hour the prospective purchasers backed down and out for the best of reasons—there was the



TELEPHONES { James 1971
Home 1971

205 South Spring Street

UNDER
ROLLENBECK HOTEL

widest discrepancy between Mr. Chandler's representations and the books of the Herald Company. No one can better afford to run the Herald than Messrs. Otis and Chandler. The Times's profits last year were about \$20,000 a month; a deficit of three to four thousand dollars a month on their Democratic enterprise should be a mere bagatelle under such conditions. But it revolts Mr. Chandler's thrifty soul, nevertheless, and he would like to be delivered of the burden, provided always he could control its destiny.

Preposterous Restrictions.

It is a foolish man nowadays who goes into any game in which his pile is units to his competitors' millions. The Herald obviously cannot compete with the Times and the Examiner without the expenditure of very large sums of money. With the Times paying 25 per cent on its capital and the Examiner backed by Mr. Hearst's millions, which have by no means been depleted as his opponents tried to make out last year, the man or men who would embark on the Herald venture without very large sums of money behind them would be either foolhardy or shortsighted. The fact of the matter is that the field is not large enough for three morning papers and will scarcely be so even when the present population is doubled. The only possible chance for the Herald would be to abandon competition with the Times and Examiner and convert itself into a penny paper. But Messrs. Otis and Chandler will not sell unless the purchaser gives bonds to maintain the Herald's subscription price at 65 cents a month. Another restriction upon which they insist is that the Herald shall not return to the Republican fold. Under such conditions they are not likely to get rid of their white elephant.

Valuable Franchise.

The one thing about the Herald worth preserving is its Associated Press franchise. Mr. Hearst would like very much to obtain this franchise, but another restriction that Messrs. Otis and Chandler will levy upon a prospective purchaser is that he shall not under any considerations transfer the franchise to the Examiner. Messrs. Otis and Chandler would no doubt shut up the Herald tomorrow, could they continue to control its Associated Press franchise simply by paying the weekly tax of \$130, but, unfortunately for this design, an Associated Press franchise is forfeited the moment a publication lapses, and if the Herald were to cease publication the franchise plum would fall into Mr. Hearst's willing lap. Messrs. Otis and Chandler's deeply laid plot of paying off old scores and, as they vainly hoped, of undermining the Examiner, is proving a somewhat costly game.

Playing at Newspaper Making.

That the sale has fallen through has proved a greater disappointment in the Herald office than anywhere else. Of all the dead-and-alive places in Los Angeles the Herald office is today the worst. Mr. Finlayson, who is an attorney, wants the public generally to understand that he is not a newspaper

ABOUT BUCKSKINS

No other foot covering affords quite so much solid satisfaction. No hot weather shoe imparts the same amount of comfort. Buckskins are for the beach, mountains and for general wear.

Wetherby-Kayser Shoe Company

215 SOUTH BROADWAY

THE NEW AND BEAUTIFUL

Angelus Studio

IS NOW OPEN TO
THE PUBLIC

Finest Ground Floor Studio in America

535 So. Broadway

Right kind of clothing for men
and boys at right kind of prices

Agents for Manhattan Shirts.

117 to 125
NORTH
SPRING
STREET

Harriett Frank
London Clothing Co.
LEADING CLOTHIERS
TWO STORES

337 to 341
SOUTH
SPRING
STREET



EVERY FACILITY FOR CARING FOR ALL OF YOUR FINANCIAL INTERESTS

BANKING DEPARTMENT	TRUST DEPARTMENT	SECURITIES DEPARTMENT
3% Interest on ten day demand deposits...	4% Interest on term deposits	
MERCHANTS TRUST COMPANY		
We occupy our own building.		
207-209-211 South Broadway		

man, but a lawyer. It seems the notoriety that he has obtained as a great editor has not been conducive to the prosperity of his legal practice. Mr. Yost has done as well as could be expected, considering that his task was to run a Democratic daily according to the Otisian yardstick. The most acutely disturbing factor in the Herald, however, has been an individual named W. Hamilton Cline. He came to California with one of the big bands—Innes, I think—and after visiting the Herald office, Mr. Yost rec-

ognized in him a long lost journalistic star of the first magnitude. Mr. Cline's most marked peculiarity is his selection of bizarre neckties; his most telling newspaper stunt is to be mysterious; his injection into the affairs of the Herald's inner office has served to create the utmost curiosity. He had no sooner installed himself as the master of "Pick-ups and Pi-lines" than some wag in the office christened him "Svengali" and "Svengali" he is even unto this day. He is the incarnate mystery of the office. No one knows where his jurisdiction begins or ends; no one knows at what moment he may rise in his "Svengalian" might and exterminate the few remaining members of the staff. The staff goes about its affairs in a half-hearted fashion, for there is no incentive to action and no rewards for good work.

Finlayson the Only Gainer.

Boiled down to facts, it would appear that Frank Finlayson has been the only gainer by the Otis-Chandler dash into Democratic affairs. Finlayson, who has always been hand in glove with the McNab machine in the north has strengthened himself with the Anti-Hearst Democracy, the irreconcilables, by posing as the only real simon pure Democratic publisher in Los Angeles. Political prestige is his, but from his complaints at being mistaken for a journalist, I should judge that he has attained even this advantage at some financial cost to himself.

Johnnie—"Mummie, I feel ill all over, somehow."

Mother—"Where do you feel it worst?"

Johnnie—"In school."—Half-Holiday.

Why His Neck is Stiff.

John Blackwood has a stiff neck and an increasing waist girth. John is the manager of the Belasco theater, and of course has waxed stout with the prosperity that attaches to his position. "Physical culture is what you need" said Fred Belasco on his last visit, as he looked with critical eye at John's proportions. "You are spoiling your good looks by letting yourself grow fat." John winced at the word "fat" and commenced lessons in flesh reduction. He was given a stunt of touching his fingers in front of his toes without bending his knees. He went at it, and for two days could not get his hands lower than his ankles. At last he did what many people do to him, he touched. And the next day he had a crick in his neck muscles. It's a long way from his neck to the floor and it seems hard to explain why he should get it in the neck. He doesn't very often.

Whittemore's Lesson.

C. O. Whittemore, chief counsel for the Salt Lake Railway in Utah and the head of the many Clark subsidiary corporations, is a man over six feet tall, all arms and legs, but though he does no look it, he is well muscled. He was a member of the crew of Columbia which defeated Oxford back in the early eighties, and he went in for general athletics as well. While here he spends much of his time at the Jonathan Club, and last week met Eddie Robinson, the physical instructor of the club, who is a very handy boxer. Whittemore tried some of his old stunts on the apparatus but found he had grown a bit rusty. Robinson eyed him and suggested what he needed was boxing lessons. "Put on the gloves, and you will soon learn how to defend yourself, and will im-

"Fit for a King"

French Dinner

Every Evening
from 5:30 to 8

50 Cents

Commercial Lunch Every Day 20 cents

Eight Fine Courses. Elegant and Sumptuous Dining Place for Ladies and Gentlemen. Brilliant Lighting Arrangements. Inspiring Music. Most Convenient Dining Hall in Los Angeles. Ample Accommodations for all. You miss a rare treat if you do not eat your dinner here.

Pacific Electric Grill

Huntington Building
SIXTH and MAIN



PON-SETTA CREAM

... PREVENTS ...

Sunburn, Tan and Freckles

ALL DRUGGISTS
50c THE JAR

Anita Cream & Toilet Co.
LOS ANGELES, CAL.



*Delicious Confections & Cooling
Ices and Cream & Satisfying
Luncheons always at*

Christopher's

341 South Broadway
241 South Spring St.

prove physically under my coaching," said Robinson. Whittemore was reluctant, but Robinson urged him to take his first lesson, and soon had him in the ring with the mits on. "Now," said Robinson, "at first you just try to hit me, and I'll show you some side-stepping and dodges that will be valuable to you. Don't worry about hitting me, just strike as hard as you can, just as if you could knock me down." Whittemore smiled modestly, and made a few passes which Robinson ducked readily. "Hit hard," he urged, "just as if you were in a scrap and wanted to do me up." A queer sharp glint shone for a second out of Whittemore's eyes, and his left suddenly shot out like a piston rod with hundreds of pounds of steam back of it. Robinson did not have time to duck and went down and took the count. After some minutes he opened his eyes, and gasped from the shower of ice water with which he was being deluged. "Say, for the first lesson you're learning too d—d fast. There will be no more lessons today." Whittemore did not tell this story, but it is true, as is the fact that he is among the best amateur boxers in the West.

Carter's Mine.

Senator Henry Carter is mining at Searchlight and has a chance of returning a millionaire. If there is any gold there, Henry will get it, as he is a good reacher. He knows more about mining than when he landed in Searchlight, with a new suit of khaki, new shoes, new hat, new revolver in his belt, and a new mine. "Yes, I know something about mining," he told his partners. "When I was a boy on my father's farm, I had to hold the drill to bore holes in the stones in the field, to have them blasted so we could plow. That's pretty good experience for mining." Lately he has uncovered a big block of \$40 ore, with enough in sight to make the mine worth six figures. He refused \$200,000 for it last week and as everybody who knows Henry is aware, if he refuses that sum of money he has mighty good reasons.

How About the New Method?

I notice that there is a great commotion among the trades-unionists over the formation of a new laundry company which is to crush the New Method and other laundries which have thrown off the union yoke. Let me see. Wasn't there a similar commotion among the same trades-unionists about four years ago, when in consequence of a strike the New Method Laundry was organized as a co-operative concern, intended to smash the non-union laundries into smithereens? Why this fanfare against the New Method? How and when did it cease to be a union pet and a co-operative concern? I am sure that there is a story about the affairs of the New Method, which I recommend that some daily shall dig up and publish.

Who Is It?

Next week's issue of the **Graphic** will contain the name of the new Southern California Democratic candidate for gubernatorial honors. The **Graphic** has received many additional guesses during the past week but nobody has guessed it correctly. The man is not M. P. Snyder, for he is too busy with banking affairs. Neither is the candidate Tom Gibbon. Neither is it Joseph Scott, whose name has been mentioned to me. Too many men doubt that

"Dependable furniture at a cash price"

Ye Genuine Craftsman Furniture

No other furniture so fully meets every requirement as the genuine craftsman furniture. The Old Mission styles are plain and simple, free from all unnecessary features of ornamentation and are strong and durable.

The Famous Craftsman GUSTAV STICKLEY

is the maker of the finest line of craftsman furniture on the market. Every piece of this superior line is made entirely by hand.

We are sole agents here for his goods and have just unloaded another full carload from his shops.

If you cannot call to see this line write your wants. We guarantee satisfaction.

"All goods marked in plain figures."

NILES PEASE FURNITURE CO.

439-441-443 South Spring Street
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

"Cafe Bristol"



The most elegant and best appointed
Restaurant west of New York City

Kitchen a Marvel of Neatness and Convenience

CUISINE UNEXCELLED
Service the best obtainable

Special Dining Room for Ladies and Gentlemen.
Banquet Rooms for all occasion

Schneider & Fieber

Proprietors

H. W. Hellman Building

Wieland Beer on Draught a Specialty.

Home Telephone BONDS

We own and offer for sale until further notice a block of \$50,000 of these bonds at the market price. They are one of the best of our local bonds, and indications point to a steady advance. They will unquestionably reach par in the near future. The Home Co. has a surplus exceeding \$80,000 and increasing about \$20,000 quarterly after paying dividends on the stock at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum.

Torrance & Dickinson

331 S. Hill St. Phones 88

MANY BEERS ARE GOOD BUT

MALTO BEER

IS PERFECT

WE HAVE DIRECTED OUR ENERGIES TOWARD PRODUCING A LIGHT CLEAN BEER, AND THE "MALTO" IS THE FINISHED PRODUCT

\$10,000.00 GUARANTEE
THAT MALTO IS MADE FROM THE
CHOICEST MALT AND HOPS ONLY

Los Angeles Brewing Co.,
EAST MAIN STREET

Home 882

Sunset East 82

"THE RELIABLE STORE"

PEERLESS BREW BEER

A wholesome, nourishing beer, made and bottled expressly for our own home trade—Delivered any part of City 90c per doz. Pints \$1.50 per doz. Quarts

Main 332
Home Ex. 16

SO. CAL. WINE CO.

218 West Fourth
Street

Fitzgerald, Black & Co.

Eastern Races by Wire. All tracks where Racing
is in Progress. Commissions Accepted.

121 West First Street

End of Central avenue car line

Home Phone 572 Main 572

Take Vernon Car. Second and Spring Streets

Scott is a Democrat and no man knows to a certainty. I said that this unknown has a "national reputation in his own line." Joe Scott is known all over the country but the Democratic powers have their eyes on another man. The candidate is not John W. Mitchell. The candidate is not Thomas O. Toland; neither is his name William E. Smythe; neither does he sign his name Frank G. Finlayson. Somebody has suggested that perhaps General Harrison Gray Otis has qualified by running a Democratic newspaper. Nay! nay! General Otis has been rejected by the Republican organization for assistant secretary of war, pension commissioner and other things, but he still claims to be a Republican. Guess again.

American.

How supremely ridiculous that there should be querulousness on the part of any Britisher concerning the country Miss May Sutton was representing in the All England tennis championship. Miss Sutton may have been born in Timbuctoo or in London but she is distinctively a product of Southern California, where we are accustomed to grow champions of all sorts. She had never handled a racquet in England until she had crossed the Atlantic as the American champion tennis player to pit herself against the pick of the tennis players in Great Britain, and she returns to America with the championship cup in her trunk—wrested from the Britishers. She is as distinctively American as if she had been born in any president-begetting village in Ohio. A similar foolish and unworthy protest was raised when Walter Travis won the British amateur golf championship. Somebody discovered that Travis was born in Australia, but Travis never put his hand to a golf club until he came to the United States.

Round Robin Tournament.

Just now the tennis players and wiseacres are discussing whether May Sutton can cope with the best players among the men of Southern California. There are those who think that May Sutton would have no chance with four or five of the acknowledged experts of this section, and there are others who believe that with two and possibly three exceptions she could take them all into camp. A. C. Way is undertaking to arrange a round robin tournament, in which the entries will be Braly, Bell, Overton, Sinsabaugh, Variel, Way and Miss Sutton. The rigid understanding is that Miss Sutton asks no favors and expects none. Such a tournament would be worth going five hundred miles to see. It rests with the men to say whether they will appear in such an event. Certain it is that nowhere in the world is there a woman capable of giving Miss Sutton a reasonably warm game with the racquet.

After Golfing Honors.

William Frederickson, who when he is not prosecuting offenders against the city's peace and property delights in chasing the nimble golf ball around the links, has gone East to compete in the United States amateur golf championship, to be held at Wheaton, Ills., next month. "Freddy" is without doubt the best golfer in the Country Club as far as medal play is concerned, but his performances are apt to be uncertain when pitted in the personal contest of match play. He has been playing a very strong game for the last few months, and with plenty

of time to practice on Eastern links should render a good account of himself at Wheaton. Frederickson went East two years ago to try out in the championship meeting but failed to qualify. He was a bachelor then. On this occasion he has his better half with him, formerly Miss Jane Sheaff, one of the best newspaper women that ever turned in copy in Los Angeles. Mrs. Frederickson's presence in the "gallery" will no doubt be an inspiration. California will also probably be represented at Wheaton by C. E. Maud, formerly of Riverside and Los Angeles, who is at present in England but expects to return in time to compete for the golfing blue ribbon.

Several changes are to be made in the hall in rear of the establishment of the Southern California Music Company, before the next musical season begins. The company already has one of the most comfortable and central of the smaller halls in Los Angeles, but the equipment is to be amplified by the installation of a pipe organ in the rear of the stage. Mr. F. J. Hart, the president of the company, says that it is the intention of the company to make the room ideal for musicals, lectures, concerts and rehearsals, and that it is expected that the place will become the center for musical entertainments.

Fred Harkness.

The death from heart failure of Fred Harkness on Tuesday last was a severe shock to all who knew him, partly on account of its suddenness and partly on account of the taking away forever of one of the most amiable and worthy men of Southern California. He was perhaps better known to that coterie of good fellows and active business men who made their rendezvous in Tommie Rowan's real estate office in Temple block some sixteen or eighteen years ago than to the majority of our present population. Mr. Harkness was at that time associated with Isaias W. Hellman and W. J. Brodrick in promoting street railways and was the master spirit in a number of other municipal undertakings that were in progress at that day. He was a man of many accomplishments and loveable ways, and was very fond of the society of sunshiny fellows, and all the while a most moderate and exemplary person. His friendly and manly attributes won for him multitudes of admirers, and he died greatly beloved by all who knew him. He leaves a widow and eight children and a host of friends to mourn his sudden and untimely taking away.

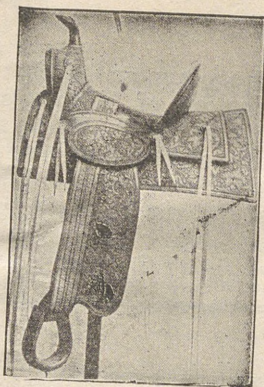
Joseph Maier.

One of Los Angeles's most prominent citizens passed away a few days ago after a lingering illness of two or three years—Joe Maier, of the firm of Maier & Zobelein, the well known brewers of Los Angeles. The deceased was one of the most open-hearted and radiant men in this community and was always to the front in charitable and patriotic work, and the **Graphic**, like thousands of others, condoles with the estimable family of the deceased in their great bereavement.

Innocents Abroad.

That joyous duo, Louis Vetter and Dr. Bert Ellis, are exploring the continent of Europe without leaving unseen anything worth seeing. From Pompeii comes a postal picture of the ruins of Casa di Marco Olenio with the Vetterian annotation "Nothing doing in the newspaper line here!" Their many friends will be relieved to know that they have

Samuel C. Foy



**Saddlery
and
Harness**

**Horse Blankets, Lap
Robes, Whips, Silver
Inlaid Spanish Bits
and Spurs**

TELEPHONE 2724

**315 N. Los Angeles St.
Los Angeles, Cal.**

GIFTS IN SILVER

Silverware—either sterling or fine plate—is always acceptable and appropriate for bridal or anniversary gifts. Our Silverware stock will supply your wants in this direction most satisfactorily as well as economically. You can't find a finer variety of dependable Silverware at more reasonable prices than we offer.

For July birthday gifts we suggest a Simon's watch, lorgnette and neck chains, and watch fobs and gold crosses as something out of the common both in beauty and quality.

E. GERSON

Tels. Home 1260
Sunset Main 1311

Jeweler

359 So. Broadway

The Beaches We Reach



**Are Seaside Park, Long Beach,
Alamitos Bay, Bay City, Sunset,
and Huntington Beaches.**

AND AMONG THEM YOU WILL BE
SURE TO FIND JUST THE RESORT
YOU CONSIDER IDEAL.

We give you the unexampled facilities of a Great Double
Track, Standard Gauge Trolley System, with Fast, Frequent
and Luxurious Cars, to Reach Them. :: :: :: :: ::

Ask an agent or send direct for one of our
ILLUSTRATED BEACH FOLDERS

**The Pacific
Electric Railway**

passed through the ordeals of Monte Carlo and are still traveling and eating three meals a day. Vetter sends a picture of La Salle des Jeux in the Casino—empty, declaring "Its very different when the game is on. Picked a few winners and passed by."

Dear Sleepy Times.

When the Times some days ago announced that it would undertake an investigation of Mormonism, my curiosity was considerably aroused. When the Times announced the identity of the investigator, I knew what the outcome would be. The Times has been publishing a collation of the results of old time investigations on Mormonism, under the guise of really new stuff. The man who is writing the "investigation"

is one of the best descriptive writers in Southern California. In some respects he is the best. As an investigator, he has no talent and never had; for the ability to "dig up" news and facts is inborn and can never be acquired. I should like to have seen the Times send Fred Hopewell on that inquiry. What he would have sent back would have borne the stamp of original investigation, although it would not have been written in such graceful English. Hopewell would have sent in something new. How futile is the present investigation is shown by one paragraph in the Times of Monday morning, in relation to the picture of President Smith and his family, a photograph of Smith, wives and children published that day in the Times.

The photograph from which the accompanying group-picture was made I value as one of the choice fruits of this investigation. Its procurement was a work of days and would make a good story in itself—which I shall not tell. The photograph was taken just prior to the breaking of the storm which yet may wash Reed Smoot from off the poop-deck of the Ship of State and drown him in the deep waters of political oblivion. When the women of the United States called the winds of sentiment from the heavens and made the lightning of Senatorial investigation to play about the apostolic head of Smoot, and the waves of public indignation rose and beat upon the House of Mormon, President Joseph F. Smith spoke in his voice of private thunder and commanded this photograph into hiding; it was all very well for Utah to know of his open life of shameless immorality, but woe be unto the Aaronite who should let a picture of his concubinage and the fruits thereof escape to a heathen world! Save in one instance that hierarchal ukase was obeyed—and it still stands in immutable effect. The one instance of surreptitious deft is to be thanked for the picture you see.

Dear Sleepy Times. That photograph was published in two or three magazines and weeklies two or three years ago. Wake up. The inquiry is all similarly out of date.

Fifteen Trout Before Breakfast.

These are the days when men are apt to talk in the superlative degree of many things, values of beach real estate and the fish that are caught in ocean and stream. Here is a late dispatch to the Graphic from Klamath Springs, Keswick, Siskiyou Co. "Arrived O. K. last night. Caught fifteen trout before breakfast this a. m. One weighed two and a quarter pounds. The fifteen weighed thirteen pounds. Wish I could send you some. C. F. Edson." We wish so, too!

Why the French Labels?

With public sentiment hammering away in favor of the proper branding of food products, I want to make a suggestion to J. H. Lapham who is the head of the sardine packing company at San Pedro. I suppose Mr. Lapham knows his business better than I can tell him, but if it is any consolation to him, I want to say that I have a high regard for the sardines he packs; so, indeed has the general public. What I want to know is why on earth he thinks it necessary to put a lot of French on his labels. His sardines will bear comparison with the best packed in the Mediterranean. Isn't the English language good enough for a first class product packed in the United States? If Mr. Lapham wants an object lesson, I would suggest that he consult Mr. Hughes of the American Olive Company. What I believe to be the best olives packed in California are put up in tins right here in Los Angeles. Mr. Hughes does not deem it necessary to plaster his product with

• • The LUXURY OF • •

A Hot Bath

Within the Reach of All

Not only a Hot Bath but Hot Water for any and all purposes, at any time you want it and in any quantities. This is only possible when you have : : :

A Gas Instantaneous Water Heater

It costs almost nothing for fuel, and is one of the most convenient household appliances : : :

For Sale By All Dealers

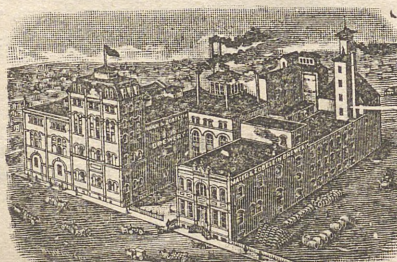
Joseph Maier
Pres. and Treas.

George Zobelein
Vice-Pres. and Sect.

MAIER & ZOBELIN BREWERY

(INCORPORATED)

Home
Industry
Keeps
Money
At Home



444 Aliso St. Both Phones 91 Los Angeles

French. I have yet to hear that Bishop & Company have adopted a "French label" for anything that they make and sell. It seems to me that their success in creating a market all over the United States is proof positive that food products need no "foreign label" to make them go.

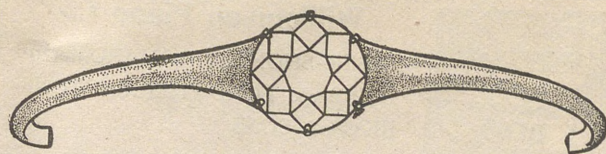
Much of the lunch and after theater trade that formerly went to Levy's has been gathered in by the Café Bristol, and that popular downtown restaurant is among the busiest places in Los Angeles. Mine Host Schneider says that from the first the patronage of the Bristol has been such that the Café has more than paid from the opening day. That is a record that few first class restaurants in America can show. The usual course is that they lose money for a time. The success of the Bristol is due not only to its splendid appointments but to the fact that Schneider & Fieber have recognized from the first that a successfully conducted kitchen is the prime requisite to creating business.

Coals to Newcastle.

The other day my attention was drawn to an advertisement which announced in effect that the champagnes and sparkling wines of M. Hommel of Ohio, were on sale in San Francisco. The old adage about carrying coals to Newcastle is worn stale, but the fact that a producer of Ohio wines can sell his product in California is most remarkable. I believe that there is but one man in California who is trying to make champagne by the French method of fermenting the wine in the bottle. At least a score of wine-makers in New York, Ohio and Missouri are succeeding where California has poor success—succeeding in spite of the fact that they have to use sugar and water in "stretching" their wines. For an Ohio producer to invade this territory seems to the wine trade almost sacrilege.

Haraszthy's Romance.

Don't think for a minute, however, that men have not tried to reproduce the French method in California. Probably forty years ago the first bottle of sparkling wine was made in California, and that in Los Angeles, by a Frenchman named Sansevain. But the most elaborate and thorough experiments were made by Arpad Haraszthy, now dead some years, and a brother, I believe, of Mrs. Ida Hancock of this city. Haraszthy's life and life work read almost like a romance. It was my pleasure to have known him intimately and to have watched his work, which was brought to an end, almost at the hour of success, by an uncongenial partnership. Haraszthy was of noble birth. The family is Hungarian and was driven from Hungary in the 40's for participation in republican revolutionary movements. Their landed properties were confiscated, but the father of Arpad Haraszthy and Mrs. Hancock was permitted to go back to Hungary in later years and settle up his personal properties, realizing a fortune that even in these days would be called large. Arpad Haraszthy was destined for priesthood, but prevailed on his father to send him to France to study grape growing and wine making. Most of the time he was abroad, about five years, he spent in the champagne cellars of Moët & Chandon and De Venoge & Co. When he returned to California, he set about repeating what he had learned about champagne making. He started by proceeding by rule of thumb which he had learned in Epernay. Every bottle burst. He was a pioneer in a new country. No one knew the proper locality for growing the grapes, no one had made sparkling wine commercially, no one knew anything about



Quality of Diamonds

First, the color should be a pure, sparkling white with that tinge of steel blue that is only found in perfect gems.

Second, perfection, which means an absence of flaws, carbon spots or marks of any kind, either outside or within the stone.

Last, but of great importance, is the cutting and shape of a diamond. Thick and improperly cut stones are less brilliant and the superfluous weight greatly increases the cost.

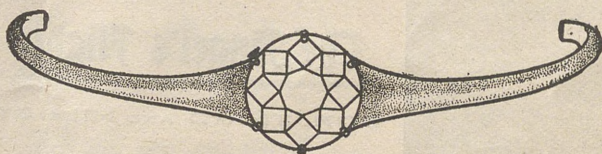
BROCK & FEAGANS' diamonds are carefully inspected and closely approach perfection in every way. A truthful description with every stone. *We want your diamond business and will in every way deserve it.*

Brock & Feagans

Diamond Merchants

Fourth and Broadway

Los Angeles



Los Angeles

Railway Co.

Reaches all points of interest in the City, including the beautiful City Parks.

Westlake Park -- Take Seventh Street Line or Second Street Line.

Eastlake Park -- Take Eastlake Park Line or Downey Avenue Line.

Elysian Park -- Take Garvanza Line or Griffin Avenue Line on Spring Street.

Hollenbeck Park -- Take East First or Euclid Avenue Line.

South Park -- Take San Pedro Street Line.

Chutes Park -- Take Main Street Line or Grand Avenue Line.

BAND CONCERTS -- Eastlake Park, Westlake Park and Chutes Park every Sunday afternoon at 2:30.

Seeing Los Angeles Observation Cars

provide a quick but thorough means of gaining specific knowledge of the city and its surroundings. One by one places of interest are pointed out with terse comprehensive historical data by guides who are especially skilled and abundantly informed. THESE OBSERVATION CARS wind through the business thoroughfares, the residential sections, penetrate the oil districts, give you a passing glimpse of Chinatown and around the Parks of the City of Today and the Sonora Towns of a century and a half ago when the Spanish and the Mexicans were the only settlers. To ride upon one of these cars is to receive two hours of interesting and profitable entertainment.

Tickets 50 Cents . No Half Fares

Cars start from Hotel Angelus Fourth and Spring Streets at 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. daily, Sundays included. :: :: ::

Phone Main 900



Williamson Piano Co.
BEHR—SHONINGER—HARDMAN—
IVERS and POND—HERRINGTON—
RICCA & SONS
327 South Spring Street

No. 42,815
In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, Augusta S. De Angelis, plaintiff, vs. Fred De Angelis, defendant. Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, and the Complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Fred De Angelis, defendant:

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract, or she will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

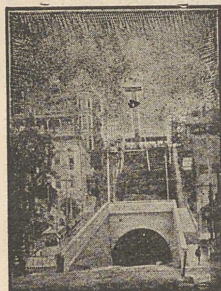
Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, this 4th day of November A. D. 1903.

C. G. KEYES, Clerk.

By C. O. WINTERS, Deputy Clerk.

W. P. L. Stafford, Attorney for plaintiff
316-317 Bullard Building Los Angeles, Cal.

SEAL
OF
SUPERIOR COURT



Have You Visited

The Angel's Flight?

COR. THIRD AND HILL ST.

Most unique pleasure resort
in the world. Pavilion, Park
and Observation Tower.
Fares 5c with liberal ticket
reductions

Bob Armour

Wines and Liquors

314 W. SEVENTH STREET

Phone Peter 4961

Los Angeles, Cal.

making the proper blends. He once told me that his first successful bottle of California champagne represented an outlay of \$100,000, counting his time in France, his expenses abroad and the time and capital invested in making his experiments in California. When his business was at its height, he had several hundred thousand bottles of champagne on the racks in his cellars in San Francisco at one time. As I said, the business relations of Haraszthy and his partner were not the best, and when the California Wine Association was formed some years ago, all of Haraszthy's work went down the maw of a big corporation. The turn of affairs almost broke Haraszthy's heart. He saw a business that he had developed through years, pass to a corporation that was satisfied if it made a few cents a gallon on bulk wine. I often wonder where the records of his blending and experiments have gone. On what he learned some man will some day erect a fortune making business. He knew to a gallon where he obtained every drop of wine that he used in twenty years of work and experimenting.

Lungren's Exhibit.

Fernand Lungren, the artist, has made arrangements by which the exhibition of his paintings will be continued in the art gallery of George Steckel until the first of September. Mr. Lungren has replaced the pictures already sold, with other canvases, the new paintings being entitled "Thirst," "Moonlight on the Desert," "Waterloo Bridge" and "Pinnacle Rocks." All of these works are in Mr. Lungren's best vein, and the exhibit will well repay the time and study of the discriminating.

Artistic but Gruesome.

Of the new pictures which Lungren has added to the collection, one in particular fascinates, although the subject is calculated to give one the "willies." The canvas is entitled "Thirst" and I would like to own it almost as much as "The Enchanted Mesa" which hangs on the opposite wall. "Thirst" is a picture that belongs to the walls of a club or a gallery; it is scarcely a house painting. It tells the story of death in the desert, a tragedy which is repeated several times each year on the Mojave and Colorado deserts. Out in the full blazing sun of midsummer, surrounded by the scanty vegetation of the desert, kneels a man dying from thirst. The victim has passed from sanity to insanity. With his clothes partly torn off he kneels facing you, and that face—how an artist could have drawn it and painted it without having actually seen a desert victim in extremis God knows. To one side and in the rear of the victim lies his horse—dead. If I had that canvas in my house, I would dream of it at nights and kick the dashboard off the bed. It is a masterpiece of painting, a ghastly portrayal of what sometimes befalls the desert prospector. Some club ought to gather that painting in and call it its own. Would that we had a club like the Bohemian of San Francisco in this man's town. The Bohemians would never let that painting get outside the confines of their club's rooms.

ENJOYING HIS VACATION



This is Glover Widney of the Southern California Music Company, at Coronado. He knows where to get the best Vacation Literature.

POPULATION
A. D. 1910

NEW REDONDO
15,000

"THE AWAKENING"

Mr. H. E. Huntington has purchased the Redondo Improvement Company's property in its entirety, and has placed the lots upon the market at prices representing their actual intrinsic value. . . .

Redondo is Not Only
a Seaside Resort

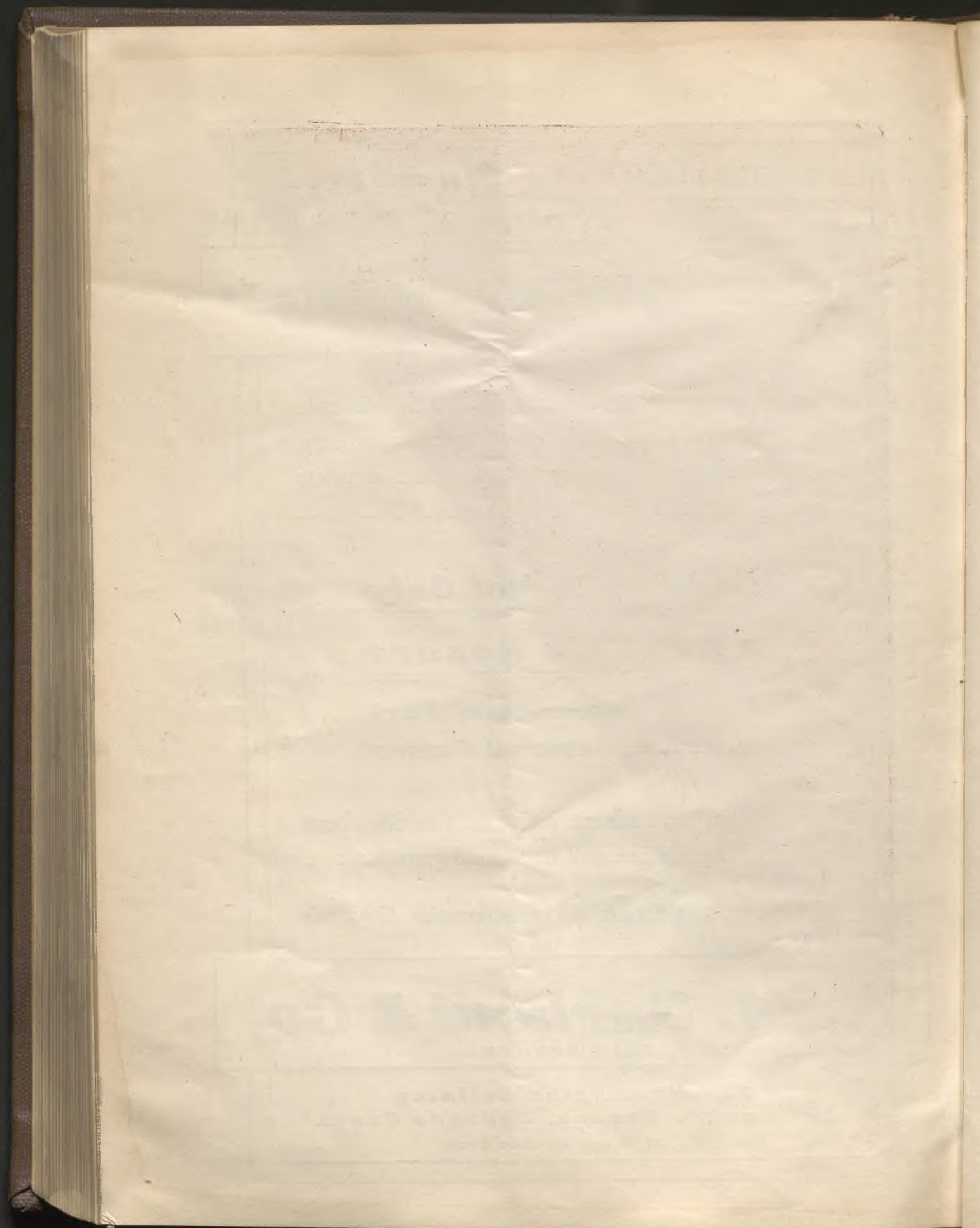
***It is a Commercial Port
& has an Assured Future***

Mr. Huntington's advent into Los Angeles placed our city 10 years ahead of its natural growth. . .

It Means Much to Redondo Beach

W. M. Garland & Co.,
SOLE AGENTS

324 Huntington Building
101 Pacific Avenue, Redondo Beach
Go at Once to Redondo



STATEMENT OF HOME TELEPHONE COMPANY

THE friends and patrons of the Home Telephone Company have been requested to sign and otherwise lend their aid to a petition which purports to be in the interest of the people at large stating that the signers of this petition would favor a consolidation of the two telephone systems in this city, and that in the opinion of the signers the two companies should be consolidated into one. This has led to the inference that the Home Company was about to consolidate its plant and system with its opposition in Los Angeles.

The Home Company has every reason to believe that the petitions are being circulated by its enemies for the purpose of defeating the Independent or Home Company from obtaining franchises in the city of San Francisco and in other places throughout the Pacific Coast; that these petitions, which are in many cases innocently signed, will be used to the detriment and to the disparagement of the Home Company. The effect of such petitions will be to prevent competition in other parts of California, and we trust that our friends and patrons who have received a practical and material benefit from Home competition will not lend their aid by signing the various petitions now being circulated throughout this city.

In view of the foregoing, the Home Company wishes to state to its patrons that it has no intention whatever of consolidating with any other telephone company or telephone system or plant. That there are legal reasons which absolutely prevent such a consolidation, even though the Home Company desired to consolidate.

Respectfully,

Home Telephone & Telegraph Company

Miss Anthony Coming.

The prospective visit of Susan B. Anthony to Los Angeles is bringing into an unsought prominence her local kinswoman, Jessie Anthony, who has been a resident of Los Angeles for years. It was not until about a year ago that her relationship with Susan B. was made known to any outside the immediate circle of Miss Jessie's friends, for the latter, while adhering to the teachings of the elder Miss Anthony, does not seek publicity. She is a quiet little body, bright and quick of action, and may be seen at almost any equal suffrage meeting, not on the platform, with a speech at her tongue's end, but usually in the capacity of secretary, or some such office that requires little talking and much work. I hear that Susan B. Anthony will be the guest of Mrs. Caroline M. Severance during her sojourn in Southern California.

Several women of note will speak from the Venice platform this summer. The subjects chosen will not be of interest to women alone, but will have a broad significance, embracing some of the great economic problems of the day. Susan B. Anthony is expected to take up the subject of Suffrage in its present day meaning; while Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt and the Rev. Anna Shaw will each lecture on subjects of public interest. But many others of national reputation have accepted the opportunity to present their views along the lines of advanced thought. Among these is Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, the poet and preacher of social reform. This woman, since 1890, has been a marked figure in the realm of social progress. She is a born altruist, being the great niece of Harriet Beecher Stowe. She is a

most interesting speaker, a reformer, a preacher who is never dull, a satirist who is still essentially a poet. One of her best lectures is "The Nature of Humanity," in which she deals with that most important of the sciences—Sociology. Some of her subjects are: "Our Brains and What Ails Them," "Woman's Place in Civilization," "Society and the Baby," "Concerning Children" and "The Home and the World." Her subjects at the Venice Assembly will be "Man," "Woman," "Child." During the session Mrs. Mary Russell Mills will give daily lectures on Emerson and on "The Art of Living."

Countess—"Oh, your royal highness, just look at the baroness! Isn't she shockingly décolleté for such a scrawny old thing?"

Prince—"Yes, she's making a great show of nothing."—Funken.

Good Boys.

The elevator boy—nay, the elevator pilot, an' it please you—has a hard time of it at best. When one finds a crew that is uniformly courteous and obliging under any and all circumstances it is worth making a note of. Such a crew is that at the Wilcox building, where Harry Maedonald, David Madden and Ernest Pico manipulate the levers and call the floors. These boys were on deck in the old California Club days and their courtesy and efficiency have not diminished.

Of course it is better to take the can of chicken to the picnic without the can-opener than it is to take the can-opener without the can of chicken, but a happy combination of both in the lunch-basket will produce the best results.—Somerville Journal.

HOTELS and RESORTS

FOLLOWS CAMP SAN GABRIEL CANON

Daily Stage—Splendid Trout Fishing—Excellent Table—
Booklet on request.

Address

R. E. FOLLOWS, AZUSA, CAL.
Or Peck's Free Information Bureau 222 S. Spring St.



El San Luis Rey Hotel

By the Sea

A hotel of ideal environment and location
A wholesome change from heated bricks and
mortar to a surrounding of cool atmosphere and sea breezes. Delicate cookery
and artistic service is our essential aim. Write for illustrated booklet.

C. Wilson, Mgr.

Oceanside, Cal.

Glen Martyn IN A GENUINE PINE forest one mile high.

The choicest spot in the mountains. Cabins, Tent
Houses. Rates \$9 to \$12 per week.

C. E. BURNS

Redlands P. O.

Hotel Lankershim

COOPER & DAVIS, Lessees

H. C. FRYMAN, Manager



AMERICAN and
EUROPEAN
FIRE-PROOF

350 Rooms 160 Baths

The Perfection of Ap-
pointments, together with
courteous Service and Mod-
ern Prices, will appeal to
those in Quest of Com-
fort and Luxury.

SPECIAL RATES
TO PERMANENT
GUESTS

Seventh and Broadway

Los Angeles

HOTEL DEL MONTE

by the sea, near old Monterey, is the one resort of California that
combines the attractions of all others. Why not spend your vaca-
tion there, enjoying golf, sea bathing, tennis, and all out-door
sports? Stop off on your way to San Francisco by the Coast
Line. For terms address:

GEO. P. SNELL, Manager, Del Monte, Cal

Victim—"What has happened? Where am I?"
Doctor—"You have been seriously injured in a trolley
accident. But cheer up—you will recover."
Victim—"How much?"

Young mother—"The doctor says you shouldn't kiss the
baby; it isn't sanitary."

Old neighbor—"Poor little fellow—why don't you wash
him?"—Detroit Free Press.

"Dear pop," wrote the boy from the art school, "don't
send me any more money—I have saved half that which you
sent me last month." "Come home," wired the old man,
"you'll never make an artist."—Puck.

HOTEL ARCADIA

Santa Monica-by-the-Sea

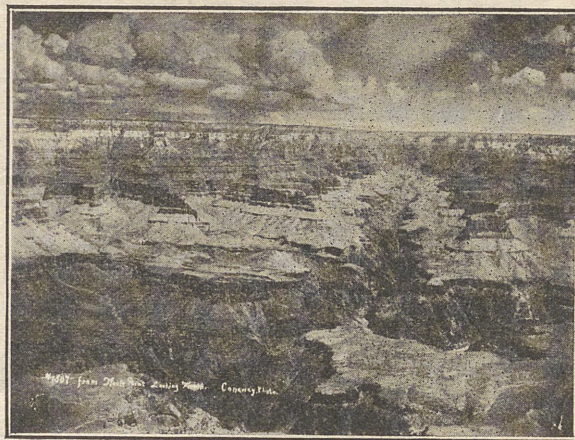
THE LOWEST WEEKLY AND MONTHLY
RATES EVER GIVEN AT THIS
POPULAR RESORT

For information address

A. D. WRIGHT

Proprietor

SANTA MONICA



ON YOUR WAY EAST

Don't forget to see the Grand Canyon.
You will be well repaid for your delay.
El Tovar, New Hotel under Harvey
Management. Reached only via

SANTA FE

Mountain View Resort

A beautiful place in the mountains. Splendid music, excellent table, good ac-
commodations. Daily stage. Rates reasonable. Booklet on request.

Address Hayes Potter, Box 298, Azusa, Cal.
or Peck's Free Information Bureau, 222 So. Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Lucille's Letter

My Dear Harriet:

I wish you had been with us last night. We had whole lots of fun, went to the Belasco Theater to see the handsome White Whittlesey as Prince Charley. My dear, he is a wonder, that man. He is such a splendid hider! He can hide from a whole regiment of enemies in an open space in a wood, and though soldiers are hunting for him with spears, under every fallen leaf in the wood, and he is within arm's length of them all, they never see him! He can climb a card-board tree and hide behind a limb—with his own handsome pair in plainest view—and yet never be seen. Don't you wish you could hide like that—say on the first of the month?

Alas! that sad day of reckoning—if only we could eliminate it from the calendar, we might have such a glorious time in the stores up town this month. For the bargains and sales of lovely things that are going on are simply heart-breaking.

For instance, in the Ville de Paris they have just received a lot of the loveliest linen suits, with dinky little short coats in half sleeves and embroidered skirt panels that are ridiculously cheap—cut down in price for the sale of course, but absolutely new. I saw a lovely one, embroidered in chrysanthemums scalloped all round the little short sack coat, with a pleated skirt and panels of the same work for twelve dollars! Think of it! You couldn't buy the linen by the yard for less. And the style of the dear things! Well, some people will get them and be cool and happy.

Accompanied by a fascinating little widow I went into Coulter's new store yesterday afternoon, just to do a little bargain-hunting, and to watch the other "wheels go round," and I'm sorry to tell you that I lost my friend in the vast building and after wild-goose-chasing her down one mile long aisle, and up the other, I left her there—and honestly I believe she is there still. Each of these new

stores deserves an afternoon apiece to itself and a trolley car for the old and infirm. After abandoning my friend to her fate, I arrived at the linen counter, where I discovered a most alluring sale of the finest sets of table linens in progress. Odd sets you know—a beautiful Irish damask linen table cloth and dozen napkins at almost half price. One purchaser selected a beauty set—marked at eighteen dollars and cut to ten! Such a chance for the young housekeeper to lay in a stock of linen that will last even until her complexion wanes.

In the Boston Store I was shown some very desirable things in summer dress goods—the coolest, cheeriest of gauzy materials, fitly known as silk "illusions." The kind of gown that clings and "froufrou" over a silken skirt, beloved of Ouida, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, et al. A soft lovely thing in green silky voile, light as a feather, we were charmed with; in fact, the uncut materials in the latest shades and effects at the Boston Store cannot be surpassed anywhere. You know, dear child, how comfortable it feels to know you are doing Right. And I was assured most emphatically, by one of our society leaders—and she certainly ought to know—that you cannot "go wrong" in the Boston Store—"everything there is the very best and nicest of its kind."

Talking of korreet things—I suppose that word ought to be spelled with a k as I was called down the other day for not terminating socks with an x—if you want to seize upon the chance of your life to secure a Knox hat, one of the real tailor-made smart ones, at the price of a "shoddy," hurry to Matheson and Berner's this week end. It seems they have no room for such fripperies as "hats" in this most eclectic store. So they are closing out all of their summer stock of these stylish Knoxes, and pretty nearly giving them away. No joking now, I saw a stunning one in smartest box shape, of white with green quills and ribbons take its hurried departure to the tune of three and a half dollars! And, you know, what a Knox hat means my dear; it simply breathes "good form." I'm sorry Matheson and Berner don't mean to carry any more of this smart headgear for women, but their Forsyth suits and other beautiful things have simply crowded out the millinery.

By the way, Harriet, my dear child, you talk in altogether too light and flippant a manner about what you and your man can do at the beach. Let me assure you, however, that you must still bow to convention as regards certain points in dress there as well as in town or at home. This I gathered from Mr. George P. Taylor on Broadway, who, the other

PONGEE SILKS

Pongee stands almost without a rival in popularity among the smartest gowned women this season. At the seashore; for street wear, in traveling and evening coats; everywhere it is in evidence.

Our assortments of the most recent and highly-preferred weaves are almost endless, and prices are surprisingly small.

Coulter Dry Goods Company

225-227-229 SOUTH BROADWAY
224-226-228 SOUTH HILL STREET



Framed Pictures

The artistic, quiet harmony of any home will be destroyed by inharmonious wall decorations. We show pen drawings, water colors, pastels, and oil paintings, etc., at modest prices.

FORD SMITH & LITTLE CO.,
313 South Broadway

day delivered in my hearing a fervent oration on the subject of men's makes and mistakes. Now listen! No man who knows anything would ever wear a black necktie with full evening clothes. Again, the habit of wearing the dinner jacket to anything but a man's function or stag dinner is tabu. The tuxedo or dinner jacket is simply the evolution of the smoking jacket, and so must be abandoned in the presence of all but the intimates of the family. Now to help out this trouble, it appears that the smart tailors have evolved the newest thing in dinner jackets for evening wear that does away with the necessity of an overcoat, and yet puts in shade the full dress shirt. A straight cut jacket with a button-away low down—is the newest thing and covers up the silk waistcoat, made without any turnover collar, which is the very properest outfit for evening wear.

And now, dear child, of course I have kept the very best "bit" for the last. I know one or two hateful cynical husbands who always read the post-script of their wives letters, and pass the rest. So for my P. S. I must give you just a glimpse of this new building on Spring street between Sixth and Seventh, which is now the home of the Los Angeles Furniture Co. You couldn't call it a store. It is more like an exquisitely furnished and appointed private hotel. Anyone who has a house to furnish and has once viewed the beauties of this building will not fail to place the entire scheme in the clever hands of Mr. Harris, who is an artist of the first water. He sketches for you in water colors just what sort of a room or hall or fireplace or anything else you want. You don't even have to think for yourself—he does it all for you. These wonderful people even carry their color schemes to such perfection that they have your rugs made to order for you, after you have seen and approved the picture. When you have viewed the suite of rooms Mr. Harris has evolved from his inner consciousness in this vast store—a study, a dining room and reception room—you will never be content with anyone else's taste. These rooms are just about as perfect as anything one could imagine. The Oriental rugs, Moorish, Persian and Indian they have on the top floor of this immense building are things to dream of, every sort and kind even to a lounge cover, composed entirely of ostrich feathers! I don't believe there can be the equal to this establishment anywhere in the world. More than anything else I have seen, this Los Angeles Furniture Co. goes to prove the immense strides the city is making ahead of any other in the United States. It is quite impossible to describe the various departments with their novel designs for the display of their goods, but unquestionably a visit to the city would be a foolishness without spending an hour or so in this enchanted palace.

Once more adieu, yours as ever,

LUCILLE.

Figueroa St., July Twelfth.

I drove a golf-ball in the air,
It fell to earth—I know not where:
To lose that ball I was so loth
I breathed a fervent, ample oath.

A caddie found the ball I lost—
I bought it back for half its cost;
As for my oath, it made a hit:
My friends are now all using it.

Over The Teacups

Mrs. Eleanor Martin did not forget her many Los Angeles friends when she sent out her invitations for the brilliant reception given last week for Secretary Taft and Miss Roosevelt. The Angelenos invited included Justice Walter Van Dyke, Justice and Mrs. M. T. Allen, Judge and Mrs. John D. Bicknell, Judge and Mrs. Charles Monroe, Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning, Capt. William Banning, Miss Adelaide Brown, Mrs. Emeline Childs, Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Childs, Miss Hortense Childs, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Connell, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chanslor, Mr. and Mrs. George J. Denis, Mr. and Mrs. James C. Drake, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hicks, Mrs. Longstreet, Mrs. Seymour Locke, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Lankershim, Mr. and Mrs. Randolph H. Miner, Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. John G. Mossin, Judge and Mrs. Erskine M. Ross, Mr. Robert Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Sibley Severance, Miss Severance, Capt. and Mrs. Cameron D. Thom, Mr. and Mrs. Catesby Thom, Mr. and Mrs. Cameron E. Thom.

"One of the most attractive women now at Del Monte," says a Northern scribe, "is Mrs. W. S. Porter of Los Angeles, but who is as well known in San Francisco as she is in the Southern city. Mrs. Porter takes an unusual interest in the life at Monterey and enters into the spirit of everything with all the enthusiasm that she possesses. As she is blessed with a magnetic personality she cannot help but inspire those about her. She is certainly a most interesting woman, quite above the ordinary." But unfortunately Mrs. Will Porter is no longer of Los Angeles. Her hundreds of friends wish she were. When Will Porter became the general manager of the Associated Oil Company, for the organization of which he was mainly responsible, the Porters moved to San Francisco.

The society reporters of the daily press are hard pressed in ringing the changes on the overworked adjectives and the hackneyed phrases. Here is a

Dull Black Suede Oxfords

A soft, pliable Oxford with a dull, dressy tone. : : : : :
About as pretty as any Summer footwear could be and just as cool as it is attractive. Designed, in a smart model with sensible heels.

Price, \$3.50

Innes Shoe Co.

258 S. Broadway 231 W. Third St.

gem from last Sunday's Times: "Mrs. — is a charming woman and during her visit has been the subject of some social informality." A trifle tough on her hostess!

Joe Easton, one of the most popular of the bachelor hosts, has put the finishing touches on his bungalow at Redondo. Furthermore he has not sold it yet, nor will the most tempting baits of the boomers hook him. Last Saturday a score of his friends helped him to "house-warm" and to christen his bungalow "Casa del Joyo." As long as the jolly host is around, the bungalow will not belie its name. His visitors brought gifts to make his "batching" easier.

The Seymours have returned to Redondo and the arrival of mother and daughter, "filia pulchra, mater pulchrior," means as usual that the season is in full swing. Both Mrs. Seymour and Miss Merlita are in as fine form as ever on the tennis court, and in the absence of the all conquering May Sutton may be expected to land in the first flight of forthcoming tournaments.

The present visit of Clarence Eddy to Los Angeles brings to mind the fact that he has in this city a relative who is well known both in social and club life. He is a brother-in-law of Miss Myra Hearshey, who belongs to the Friday Morning Club and is interested in a quiet way in many philanthropic enterprises. One noteworthy charitable institution owes its entire existence to the generosity of Miss Hearshey although I must keep a pledge, made some

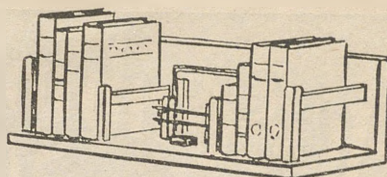
\$2.00

OAK DESKERETTE

A PLACE FOR WRITING
MATERIALS and BOOKS
ON YOUR TABLE—CON-
VENIENT and INEXPEN-
SIVE * * *

CARL ENOS NASH CO.

Makers of Fine Furniture
716-718 So. Spring St.



three years ago, not to divulge the secret of the institution that has benefited by her bounty. Miss Hearshey is retiring in disposition, and not inclined to parade her good deeds for the eyes of the public, but those who know her well are aware that the large fortune at her disposal is not used selfishly.

Women of Southern California have no intention of giving up agitation regarding the establishment of a college for women in this part of the state, and Mrs. Florence Collins Porter put in a good word for the movement at the Venice Congress this week. She believes in higher education for her sex, and wants to see Los Angeles the headquarters for such education on the Pacific Coast.

It must be admitted that the clubwomen have furnished the star portion of the Venice Congress program thus far, and some of the best speeches of the season were heard in the three days that the clubs had charge. It was a brilliant thought on the part of the Congress management to turn the time over exclusively to the clubs, for the interest thus aroused among women, brought a new element to the beach. When the club women attempt anything they are careful not to half bake it. Their choice of speakers was most commendable. Judge Lindsey of Denver spoke for them twice, and these occasions were notable ones at the Congress for everybody wanted to hear the eminent judge, and he presented the claims of the juvenile court in a manner to inspire local reformers with the importance of its proper support. In the course of the three days' club session, there was hardly an interest in which women of Southern California are concerned themselves that was not taken up, and the prospective art gallery was made a theme of special discussion, Mrs. W. W. Stilson presenting the subject.

The senior class of the Dobinson School of Expression received their diplomas on Friday evening last in the auditorium of the school which was filled with friends and relatives. The stage was arranged as a wood scene, banked with tall branches of bamboo and papyrus, the chairs were green with immense bows of green ribbon tied upon them, and the girls, of course, all wore dainty white dresses.



Machin's July Sale of High Grade Tailor Made WAISTS

We never carry goods over from one season to another and so we have placed on sale all of our Summer Waists

REGARDLESS OF COST

Neckwear and Belts

at equally low prices—A special line at **50c.**

Special reductions during July and August on all made-to-measure Wash Shirt Waist Suits—Large line of choice fabrics to select from.

Machin Shirt Co.

HIGH-GRADE SHIRT MAKERS

124 S. Spring Street

W. E. Cummings Shoe Co.
FOURTH AND BROADWAY.

FASHIONABLE FOOT-WEAR

Always to be found in our immense stock of stylish seasonable goods. For true value combined with sterling worth, we heartily recommend our Foot Form Shoes, at \$5, \$6, \$7 a pair, which represent the highest type of the Shoe Builder's art. **SO-E-Z** (so easy to the foot shoes) are gems of Style, \$3.50 and \$4.00.

Forty children, all in white, marched upon the stage at the beginning of the evening, each laden with large bouquets and baskets of flowers, and placed them across the front of the stage, after which an entertaining program was given with great success and the diplomas were presented by Mr. Dobinson. A reception in the ball room closed the evening. The graduates were Frances Preston, Frederica De Lay, Isabel Moore, Rose Lambert, Mae MacGowan, Henrietta Dobinson, Ivy B. Reed, Rita Victoria Thomas. Mr. and Mrs. Dobinson entertained the class with a box party at the Belasco theater Saturday afternoon, which was the last event of the school year.

The Revoke in Bridge.

Is the penalty for a revoke in bridge too severe? A deliberate revoke is, I admit, wholly immoral and worthy of summary punishment, but in the case of an accidental revoke which deceives no one and does not affect the score I am inclined to think that the penalties often act with unnecessary harshness. Perhaps my opinion may be influenced by the recollection of what occurred to me recently, but my unfortunate experience might have been that of any bridge-player. I was playing in a mixed rubber, one woman and three men, all of them fairly good players, although the lady was a little crotchety and strongly objected to cards being thrown down even though they were all obvious and unmistakable winners. It was the rubber game and my partner, the dealer, declared no-trumps. I put him down an excellent hand with two aces and other good things. It soon became plain that we had a grand slam, but my partner, mindful of his fair opponent's crotchets, played out to the bitter end. The last two cards in his hand were the knave of clubs and the seven of diamonds, both winners. He led a club from dummy, but in a moment of madness threw his diamond on it and led another club from dummy.

This oversight, muscular rather than mental, mulcted his innocent partner—who had no time to say "having none" before the last card was led—to the tune of 232 points. Here is how the fine was made up: Loss of slam, 40; loss of rubber, 100; value of three tricks, 36; difference between 84 and 28—56; total, 232. Whether these 232 points were cents or quarters does not affect the general principle that the revoke penalty may occasionally be described as almost vindictive. At the time the revised laws of bridge were being drafted in England last year there was a strong feeling among the

committee that the rigors of the revoke penalties ought to be abated, but there were two or three dissentients, and as it was considered advisable to preserve complete unanimity the old penalties were allowed to stand. Sooner or later I have no doubt that some change will be made. After all, as Mr. Dalton says, bridge is a game for gentlemen, and the only excuse for the excessive penalty at present attached to a revoke is that it may act as a deterrent to deliberate revokers. In any case the penalty ought to be uniform. It is not more immoral to revoke with spades trumps than with hearts, and yet the punishment for the one offense is four times as heavy as for the other.

It would, of course, be impossible for bridge legislators to differentiate between an accidental and a deliberate revoke, but there is certainly no objection to remitting a portion of the very harsh sentence which is pronounced against those who revoke in hearts or no-trumps. Let a revoke, in fact, be treated as an act of criminal carelessness rather than as wilful murder. A uniform penalty of 100 above the line would be severe enough to make revoking too expensive an amusement to be indulged in lightly and yet would not punish an accidental revoke by the loss of the game. As a safeguard against a deliberate revoke the revoker's score below the line could, as at present, be limited to 28 in the deal in which the offense was committed.

M. R. R.

Where Are They?

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chanslor are at Lake Tahoe.
Miss Helen Novin was a recent visitor at Hotel Coronado.
Mr. and Mrs. John J. Byrne have taken a cottage at Ocean Park.
Dr. M. Evangeline Jordan is visiting the Portland exposition.
Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hamilton have returned to Rocky Ford, Colo.
Mr. and Mrs. Albert Crutcher of West Adams street are at Hermosa.
Mrs. W. H. Holliday has returned from a year's sojourn in the East.
Miss Margaret Tutt of Hotel Netherlands has returned from Honolulu.
Mrs. Frank Garrett of South Bonnie Brae street is visiting in Leavenworth, Kas.
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph F. Sartori when last heard from were touring in Switzerland.
Mr. and Mrs. Burton E. Green and Miss Bishop are in San Francisco this week.
Dr. and Mrs. Herbert D. Requa are visitors at the Portland exposition this week.
Miss May Banning of St. Paul is the guest of Mrs. R. H. Ingram of Grand avenue.
Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Colby are at 1 Paloma avenue, Ocean Park, for the summer.
Mr. and Mrs. John Kahn of 1638 South Figueroa street will spend the summer at Venice.
Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Ball of 200 West Eighteenth street leave today for Salt Lake City.
Count and Mrs. Jaro Von Schmidt will spend the month of August at the Bolsa Chica club.
Mrs. Helen G. Teed and Mrs. Frank E. Bridges are in New York, en route for Europe.
Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Salyer, Roy Salyer, and Miss McGaughey are at Lake Tahoe.
Dr. Robert Haynes, Eugene V. Baker and A. L. Burbank are camping near Mt. Whitney.
Mrs. E. P. Bryan and the Misses Bessie and Minnie Bryan have returned from the East.
Miss Eleanor Siegel of 1332 South Flower street is visiting relatives in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Bowman Rollins have taken possession of their new home at Redondo.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Kelsey of 2415 South Flower street will be at Ocean Park till September 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter F. Parker of 1102 West Thirtieth street have returned from Ocean Park.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy have returned from their wedding trip and are at Hotel Redondo.

Mrs. E. Abascal and the Misses Mary and Anita Abascal of 1631 West Ninth street are at Idyllwild.

Miss Janice Meredith of Berkeley is the guest of Miss Lillian Harris of 831 South Flower street.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Patterson and Miss Hazel Patterson are occupying their Terminal Island cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert H. Woollacott have moved from the Hinman to 1001 South Burlington avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. Osborne and Miss Florence Osborne of 1051 South Flower street are in Portland, Ore.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Carlton Lee have returned to 710 West Adams street from a month's visit in Montana.

Mrs. Clarence H. Pease and Miss Emma Harvey are among Los Angelenos at the Portland exposition this week.

Mrs. L. C. Easton and daughters, Mrs. W. G. Young and Miss Alby Easton, are at Ocean Park for the summer.

Mrs. B. F. Johnson and daughter of 207 West Twenty-fifth street will spend the next few weeks in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Whitlock of 1120 West Eighth street have returned from three months' travel in the North.

Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Hutchason of 2627 Van Buren Place are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Taylor of St. Louis.

Judge and Mrs. Stephen C. Hubbell and Miss Mary Hubbell are in the Yellowstone Park, en route to Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farwell Edson of 950 West Twentieth street will be at Klamath Hot Springs till September 1.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Ross Clark leave shortly for the Portland exposition, and will continue their trip to Montana and Idaho.

Mrs. Van Leer Drouillard and Miss Ruth Jowett of 2627 Orchard avenue are entertaining Mrs. Frank Seaman of El Paso, Tex.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Hubbard of 1212 Orange street have taken a cottage on Paloma avenue, Ocean Park, for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. F. Peck of the Baker Block have returned from Follows' Camp. Mrs. Peck is entertaining Mrs. Wade Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Laughlin and Miss Gwendolen Laughlin of 666 West Adams street and Miss Grace Rowley left this week for Lake Tahoe.

Miss Sally McFarland of West Twenty-third street has joined her sister, Miss Louise McFarland, and her aunt, Mrs. William Friesner at Monterey.

Mrs. E. R. Whittlesey, Miss E. C. Whittlesey of Danbury, Conn., and Mr. Chas. Wynnegate of New York City are at the Arcadia, Santa Monica, for the summer.

Mrs. Will J. Variel is at Montecito for the summer, where she will entertain her mother, Mrs. Eleanor Kelley of New York and her niece, Miss Barstow of Los Angeles.

Miss Mary L. O'Donoghue and Miss Julia O'Donoghue will leave on the 24th inst. for a seven weeks' eastern trip. After visiting their old home in Michigan, they will go down the St. Lawrence, and will return home by way of Portland.

Among the prominent Los Angeles people stopping at Hotel Arcadia at Santa Monica are: Mr. and Mrs. Louis M. Cole, Mrs. Arthur Letts and family, Mr. and Mrs. Herman W. Hellman, Miss Hellman, Mr. F. H. Churchill, Mrs. M. E. Morse, Mrs. M. E. Johnson and Dr. and Mrs. J. Y. O'dham.

The Misses Lucy, Mary and Katherine Clark, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Clark of St. James Park, accompanied by General M. H. Sherman and Mr. Robert Sherman are in New York to meet Mrs. Sherman and her two daughters, who have just lately returned from two years' travel in Europe.

Among Angelenos recently at Northern resorts were: Ocean View Hotel, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Walker; Agua Caliente Springs, Miss B. Yates; Camp Taylor, Rob C. Leonard, W. S. Howe; Harbin Springs, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Mesmer; Gilroy Hot Springs, Martin Belmer; Bartlett Springs, C. D. Moreland, J. M. Johnston.

Receptions, Etc.

July 7.—Mrs. F. Irwin Herron, 2227 Orchard avenue; bridge.

July 8.—The Misses Sabichi, 2457 South Figueroa street; luncheon at Hotel Redondo.

July 10.—Mrs. G. G. Mullins and Miss Mollie Adelia Brown, 3118 South Grand avenue; for Monday Musical Club.

July 10.—Mrs. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop; trolley trip to Venice.

July 11.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Otto, 306 South Cummings street; for Fleur de Lys Club.

July 11.—Mr. and Mrs. Willis G. Hunt, 18 Dudley avenue, Ocean Park; dinner.

July 11.—Miss Katharine Burd, 2946 Brighton avenue; for Tuesday Whist Club.

July 11.—Mrs. W. L. Graves, 1047 South Figueroa street; bridge.

July 11.—Miss Lillian Harris, 831 South Flower street; dinner at Casa Verdugo for Miss Janice Meredith of Berkeley.

July 11.—Major and Mrs. John H. Norton, West Twenty-eighth street; dinner for Major and Mrs. E. F. Wilcox.

July 12.—Mrs. J. T. Murphy, 411 West Twenty-second street; for Iroquois Whist Club.

July 12.—Butterfly Whist Club; picnic at Redondo.

July 12.—Mrs. I. B. Robinson; Hotel Del Mar, Ocean Park; luncheon.

July 13.—Mrs. Rosie Nettleton, 1324 Santee street; theater party at Belasco's for Sigma Delta Club.

July 13.—Mrs. Samuel F. Bothwell, 1936 Bonsallo avenue; card party for Miss Leola Summers of Chillicothe, Ohio.

July 14.—Mrs. H. H. Metcalf, 1352 Rich street; luncheon.

Anastasia's Date Book

July 18.—Mrs. Robert K. Wilson, 441 Lake street; whist party for the Misses Ruth and Susan Waterman of Oakland.

July 19.—Mrs. Morris Albee, 1229 West Twenty-third street; for Mrs. Mark B. Lewis.

Recent Weddings

July 12.—Miss Alice Wilkie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Wilkie of 2039 Dayton avenue, to Mr. Reginald R. Rogers of Santa Ana, at 649 South Sichel street.

July 12.—Miss Hildegard Magnus to Mr. Henry Cohn at 1404 West Seventh street.

Dr. E. Ellsworth Bartram

DENTIST

Home 5825
Sunset Main 1288

526-528 Trust Building
Second and Spring
Los Angeles



It Won't Break if He Drops it!

Because it is made right by Trunk Experts
TRUNKS and BAGS made to order at prices
to suit. Everything Latest and Best in stock

ENTERPRISE TRUNK FACTORY

J. E. HERBOLD, Prop.

Tel. 6991

654 South Spring Street

Los Angeles

Approaching Weddings

July 18.—Miss Leontine Denker, daughter of Mrs. L. A. Denker of 228 West Twenty-fourth street, to Dr. A. H. Giannini of San Francisco.

August 2.—Miss Lois Narver, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David C. Narver of 235 West Twenty-seventh street, to Mr. Sherrill Blaisdell Osborne in St. John's Church.

August 16.—Miss Etta Jacoby, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Jacoby of 157 West Pico street, to Mr. Morse Silver of New York.

Engagements.

Miss M. Marguerite Otis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas G. Otis of Pomona Ranch, to Mr. Ross A. H. Williams of Pomona.

Miss Edith M. Joy, daughter of Mrs. R. A. D. Joy of 1939 Oak street, to Mr. John H. Foley.

*What about the CHAMPAGNE*

FOR THE

WEDDING?

Of course you want the BEST

CLICQUOT

Is better than any other Champagne, every connoisseur admits that, but—Be sure you get the genuine imported direct from FRANCE, each bottle of which bears the following LABEL as a guarantee of QUALITY:



A. VIGNIER & CO.
SAN FRANCISCO
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST.

BEWARE OF
SUBSTITUTES

R. A. ROTH, Agent, 301 Bradbury Building, LOS ANGELES.

Ada Rehan is soon to return from England and begin rehearsals of her new play, "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," by Bernard Shaw.

The Shubert Brothers have signed a contract with Sarah Bernhardt for an American tour of thirty weeks, to begin at the Lyric Theater, New York, November 6 next.

"Moonshine" is the name of the play in which Marie Cahill will star next season. It is the work of George V. Hobart and Milton Royle, and is described as a comedy with music.

De Wolf Hopper is to make his initial appearance in "Elysia," the latest comic opera from the pens of Reginald Do Koven and Frederick Ranken, on September 4 at the Lyric Theater, New York.

On the Stage and Off

White Whittlesey is concluding his successful engagement at Belasco's in a blaze of regal glory, appearing this week as "The Merrie Monarch" in one of his romantic, but on this occasion, apocryphal chases. Charles while being chased by the Roundheads is of course chasing a petticoat. The authoress and the author of the play are discreet enough to shield themselves behind the somewhat cryptic sentence, "The liberties taken are usual in the drama."

"The Fortunes of the King" is saved from ineptitude by the skill of the stage manager and the taste of the scenic artists. The set for the second act is Spring Coppice, a glade on the Boscobel estate. It is a stage picture of surpassing loveliness, by far the worthiest feature of the production, and whenever one wearies of the prolonged billing and cooing of Charles and Jane Lane one can be refreshed by listening to the purling of the real waterfall, one of Mr. Barnum's most triumphant achievements. And the grand old oak which is supposed to shelter the errant king from the vigilance of the Roundheads is a thing of beauty if an insufficient retreat to conceal any considerable portion of Mr. Whittlesey's anatomy at one and the same time. But Cromwell's Ironsides are discreet enough never to raise their eyes higher than the blackberries, although Corp. Snakeley, a horribly suspicious sleuth, has a sneaking presentiment that Charley is hovering around.

The absurdest scene in this incongruous play is the climax of the third act, in which Charles is brought to bay by Gen. Ireton and a company of Cromwell's soldiers. Unaided and alone, save for the sweet presence of Jane Lane, he defies the general and his men. But as a preliminary challenge he seizes a goblet—Ireton's men make no attempt to seize the royal person—quaffs a cavalier swashbuckling toast, and then carves his way with his sword through an ancestral portrait into a secret passage to escape to La Belle France. It is a sublimely ridiculous scene but nevertheless Mr. Whittlesey carries it with such spirit that the audience, by no means retarded by improbabilities, is transported into the seventh heaven of delight and Mr. Whittlesey has to respond to a series of enthusiastic recalls.

Perhaps to compensate for the improbabilities of the play Mr. Whittlesey is at special pains to emphasize the royal tongue and to lay stress on the kingly habit. Charles arrives from the battle of Worcester in the most spotless of raiment, as immaculate as if he had just come from the hands of his valet groomed for a levee at Windsor. And Mr. Whittlesey's voice is so monarchical that one doubts Jane Lane's sagacity in not penetrating the royal disguise.

Miss Lawton infuses spirited comedy into the part of Jane Lane and also receives the royal love-making with maidenly naivete and grace.

Charles II and Jane Lane hold the center of the stage so long that the minor characters are of little significance. Luke Conness did steady but uninteresting work as Capt. Devereaux. Unfortunately an injury to his hand prevented him and the audience from enjoying the sword duel with Charles that the playwrights scheduled. There is so little action in the play that the omission of the duel is a serious

handicap. William Warren deserves a line for the creepiness of his Corp. Snakeley.

John Burton, who for many months has been the mainstay of the comedy in Manager Morosco's productions at the Burbank, leaves next week for the East. Burton is having a little triumph of his own this week as Seth Huggins, "The Village Postmaster," a truly rural drama, in which the types are familiar but none the less welcome. This generous comedian has everything his own way this week, and his signal success only makes his departure the more regretful. In "The Village Postmaster" Jane Kelton made her debut here and a most favorable impression. Miss Kelton acts with quiet power and well sustained effects. She is a distinct addition to Mr. Morosco's forces. Both Bennet Southard and Henry Stockbridge have good opportunities in this New England pastoral and acquit themselves with much credit.

That invaluable member of Belasco's Stock Company, Tom Oberle, will be missed from the regathering of the forces next Monday night. Oberle has been spending his three weeks' holiday up in the mountains at Follows' Camp, and the rest and fresh air have built him up so well that he pleaded with Manager Blackwood for an extension of his leave. This was gladly granted and Thomas will return to the Belasco in two weeks with his strength renewed like the eagle.

Nothing as riotously festive and infectious as the turn of the eight Arabs has been seen at the Orpheum for many moons. Their enthusiasm in their acrobatics is so intense that the spectators immediately catch it. Their turn is a veritable whirlwind of the brisk-tumbling and gasping ejaculations. It must be seen to be believed.

Claude Gillingwater, a character actor of the first rank, appears in a light but lively sketch "The Wrong Man." Mr. Gillingwater is well supported, especially by Miss Nina Lyn.

Mr. Walter Scott, the hero of the hour, gets more free advertising—at the hands of Lavin and Leonard "automobile comedians."

Lillian Shaw makes a new and successful departure as a female purveyor of Yiddish eccentricities. George W. Day is an old and firm favorite, and once more "makes good." Bessie French, Fred's monkey actors, the Wilson trio of pseudo-funmakers, and motion pictures fill in an entertaining bill.

Brenda Fowler, who hitherto has proved herself a most useful member of the Ulrich Stock Company, has been promoted to the leading lady's dressing room at the Grand. Her experiences in the very emotional melodrama, "For Her Children's Sake," are both thrilling and tearful. Miss Fowler survives them all. Lillian Hayward has rejoined the forces to play "heavies." Henry Auerbach and Lule Warrenton furnish this week a most desirable refreshment of comedy.

Julia Dean, for several years one of the most popular members of the James Neill Company, has many intimate friends in Los Angeles who will be delighted to know that she is to have a big opportunity next season. Channing Pollock, who has dramatized Miriam Michaelson's novel "The Bishop's Carriage,"

has selected Miss Dean as his leading woman. At present she is playing leads with the Bradford-Hunter Stock Company at Hartford, Conn. The Matinee Girl of the Mirror describes Miss Dean as "a slim, blond girl, with gray eyes of unusual intelligence, a complexion like a healthy infant's and exquisite teeth. She has, moreover, the art of wearing simple clothes elegantly. Her extreme vivacity is a prototype of Meg's irrepressibility." Miss Dean has two harmless fads, one for mission furniture, the other for Oriental bric-a-brac, which fads, it must be said in defense of her taste, are evidenced in different rooms. She is the inheritor of an honored theatrical name. Her aunt, Julia Dean Hayne, was a great ingenue of the time of Adelaide Neilson, and her grandfather, Edwin Dean, the manager of theaters in Buffalo and Rochester.

Among the coming attractions at the Mason Opera House will be Madge Carr Cooke in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch;" May Irwin in "Mrs. Black in Back," and Eleanor Robson in "Merely Mary Ann."

If Robert Edeson appears in another Indian play after "Strongheart" it may be in Marah Ellis Ryan's "Told in the Hills." Mrs. Ryan, once an actress, is the widow of Manager Ryan, well known to the American stage. When she forsook the stage it was for literature. She is the author of several novels, of which perhaps "Told in the Hills" has made the strongest appeal. Mrs. Ryan is at present living in Southern California, and, says the Dramatic Mirror, has the distinction of being the only woman who ever lived in a monastery. "In the picturesque re-

Belasco Theater

Belasco, Mayer & Co., Proprietors
Main Street bet. Third and Fourth
Phones: Main 3380; Home 267

TONIGHT AND TOMORROW NIGHT LAST TWO TIMES

White Whittlesey

Supported by

The Belasco Theater Stock Co.

James K. Hackett's Latest Success

"Fortunes of the King"

Next Week: Commencing Monday Night, July 17,

Inaugural of regular Fall Season with Isabella Evesson and
Jos. A. Galbraith and all the favorites in

"Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall"

Extra—Special Matinee Wednesday, July 19, Ibsen's "GHOSTS." by Harry Mestayer and own company. Seats now on sale. Regular Belasco Prices.

Prices: Every night, 25, 35, 50 and 75c.
Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 25, 35, and 50c.

Grand Opera House MAIN STREET
Bet. First and Second
Phone Main 1967, Home 418
The Family Theater

Week Commencing **SUNDAY MATINEE**, July 16

King of Detectives

Matinees Sunday, Tuesday, Saturday, 10, 25c.
Evenings, 10, 25, 50c.

Orpheum SPRING STREET
Bet. Second and Third
Both Phones 1447

MODERN VAUDEVILLE

Week Commencing **Monday, July 17th**

Frederick Voelker, America's Most Distinguished Violinist; Zazell & Vernon Co., in Comedy Pantomime; Schepp's Dogs and Ponies; Eight Bedouin Arabs; George W. Day, in Cork; Wilson Trio, German Comedians and Warblers; Orpheum Motion Pictures; Last week of the City's Favorite Claude Gillingwater & Co. in "The Wrong Man."

Prices Never Change, 10c, 25c, 50c. Evenings 10c, 25c, 50c.
Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday

Morosco's Burbank Theater

Oliver Morosco, Lessee and Manager.

*Sixth and Main Sts
Phones 1270*

**MATINEE
TODAY!**

LAST TIMES OF

**PERFORMANCE
TONIGHT!**

"The Village Postmaster"

Week starting (Tomorrow) Sunday Afternoon
Matinee Saturday

The Romantic Comedy Drama

"We Are King"

A delightful tale of love and adventure on the "Prisoner of Zenda" order but more brilliant in plot, more charming in love story and more gorgeous in settings.

Matinees every Sunday and Saturday, 10c and 25c. No Higher.
Evenings 10c, 25c, 35c and 50c.

Long Beach Chautauqua

L. E. BEHYMER
Manager

Grand Opening Monday July 10

Afternoon Welcoming Program

By the People of Long Beach.

Night, Donatelli's Royal Italian Band

With Signor Domenico Russo as Soloist

During the First Week will be heard in Lectures
Mrs. ADAMS-FISHER, DOROTHEA HOAGLIN-HAYDEN,
B. R. BAUMGARDT, and Dr. FRANK W. GUNSALUS.

—IN PRELUDES—

Nell Lockwood, Edith Knox, Harriet Hollingsworth, Ethel Olcott, John Douglas Walker, Bess V. Daniels, Carl Adolph Pryer, Florence Stratton, and others and

Friday Night LOUISE NIXON HILL ASSISTED BY
THE PHILOMELA QUARTETTE

Season Tickets \$2.50 For 212 Events

Now on Sale at 404 Mason Opera House

mains of an old mission house at Capistrano she lives and writes among crumbling images and falling chancel rails, dimming pictures and rusting altar candles." Dost see the picture?

Trusty Tips To Playgoers

Morosco's Burbank—Commencing Sunday evening the stock company will be seen in a comedy romance, "We Are King." The piece is somewhat after the order of "The Prisoner of Zenda." Blanche Hall should have an excellent opportunity as the Princess of Beronia.

Belasco's—The stock company inaugurates the fall season next Monday evening in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," for the first time in Los Angeles. The occasion will also be unusually interesting on account of the first appearance of the company's new leading lady, Isabelle Evesson, of whom great things are expected.

Next Wednesday afternoon, the long promised appearance of Harry Mestayer in "Ghosts" will be realized. If you have no engagement at the morgue, it will be a cheerful afternoon's entertainment.

Orpheum—Frederick Voelker, a noted violinist, will be the headline attraction next week. Mr. Voelker was principal professor at the Raff Conservatory, Frankfort, under Hans Von Bulow. Zazell and Vernon, known all over the world as "The Tourist and His Valet," and great favorites here, will present their original comedy pantomime entitled "The Elopement." Schepp's dog and pony show will also be new next week. Claude Gillingwater and his company in "The Wrong Man," the eight Bedouin Arabs in their wonderful acrobatic work, George W. Day the "funny man," the Wilson trio of German comedians, and new motion pictures will complete the bill.

Grand—"King of Detectives," one of the most thrilling of all the melodramas Theodore Kremer wrote, which brought packed houses to the Grand last season, will be produced by the Ulrich Stock Company again next week, commencing Sunday matinee. There is something doing every minute. An airship, a balloon, a moving picture machine and various other strictly modern inventions are introduced into the play, providing scenic effects which are novel in the extreme.

The Angelus theater is to re-open tomorrow with a stock company which will give comedy suited to all tastes. The Angelus has a seating capacity of about 700 and the prices range from 15 to 50 cents. A. C. Jackson has been drawn from the Belasco forces to assist the manager, Theodore Marston. The opening play will be "In Mizzoura."

Stars et al.

Wadsworth Harris, formerly one of Frederick Warde's most valued lieutenants and lately a member of the Blanche Walsh company, has been engaged for character parts in Henry W. Savage's New York productions.

Pauline Hall will return to the comic opera stage next season under the management of Nelson Roberts and at the Majestic Theater, New York. She has written her own libretto.

Maxine Elliott will remain in England for a month, and will then return to New York. She will be back in London next spring, and will then star in Clyde Fitch's new play, "Mainly Concerning Jo."

In the Musical World

My capable young friend, Julian Johnson, with a temerity as remarkable as it will doubtless be useless, tackles the burning musical question of the hour and even suggests a possible solution.

Shall we continue to support two mixed-voice choruses? Mr. Johnson says, "No." Shall we insist upon having one, and that thoroughly representative? Mr. Johnson says "Yes." But how?

Is Mr. Barnhart to courteously give place to maturer years and step down and out in favor of Mr. Jahn? Or, is Mr. Jahn to cheerily say, "Young man, you are just on the threshold of an ardent life's work; go in and win!"? Or, again, are both these earnest workers to quietly and gladly stand aside in order to welcome the rise to fame of another and (perhaps) a better man?

Frankly, the Julian Johnson program, fascinating as it unquestionably is in its Millsian altruism, looks painfully chimerical to the unchastened eye of the ordinary onlooker. I am, personally, a strong believer in the existence of a fair modicum of musicianly unselfishness—for example, a singing master is ever ready to prevent a voice being ruined by some other teacher—but, when it comes to a question of giving-up, I think even the best of us religiously believes that it is the bounden duty of the other fellow to make the sacrifice.

So, dear Mr. Johnson, let us go hang our harps on the willow trees that fringe the lots we didn't buy at Venice and see if we cannot twang out a doleful ditty that shall melt the heart of Sidney Lloyd Wrightson into casting in his lot with us—if only to show the poor benighted Westerners how things are done in Washington, don't you know.

The prophesied outcome of the Immanuel Presbyterian Church choir contest was summarily upset on Monday by a handsome offer to Mrs. Bessie Ives Harrison from the Westlake Methodist Church, an offer which Mrs. Harrison concluded to accept in preference to waiting through the hearing of the sopranos already promised a trial.

This probably leaves the issue between Miss Annie Mottram, a young singer with a remarkably telling, vibrant voice, and Miss Minna Roper, well remembered here as a Santa Ana pupil of Miss Jennie Winston and soprano of the First Methodist Church. Miss Roper, who has been studying for some years in New York and is said to have made decided strides in her art, is due to return the coming week, at which time the committee will hear her and decide the matter of fortune or ill-fortune.

The bass position has gone, as shadowed forth in the *Graphic*, to Harry Baker, of Denver, the post carrying with it also the duties of directorship. Mr. Baker comes of a very musical family, and himself has had wide and varied experience for so young a man. He should be a distinct gain both to the church and the city in general.

With the close of the present week Mr. Lowinsky is to follow the example of his distinguished brother in bow arms, Mr. Krauss, and desert the Burbank leadership for private practice.

Mr. Krauss never acted more wisely than in the

matter of his relinquishment of the regular emoluments of a theater engagement, and I trust it may so prove with Mr. Lowinsky.

With the advent of the new leader, Julius Bierlich (the son of the well known cellist, and a pupil of Mr. Krauss before going abroad for further violin study), Carl Angeloty, the Hungarian prince of theater pianists, will return to one of his former scenes of success. Good wishes to all concerned.

Billy's sister is the organist of the church in the country town where the family spends its summers, and Billy blows the old-fashioned instrument upon which his big sister performs, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger. Some day, however, Billy will be an artist himself if his present spirit of pride in his work persists. Still, although he enjoys his task, the twenty-five cents he earns every Sunday is much appreciated by him.

A concert was given in the church in aid of a local charity, and the singers and quite a number of "artists" who summer in the village, and whose services usually command big remuneration, volunteered their services.

When the concert was over, the choir-master came to Billy, who had enjoyed greatly the importance of the occasion and his share in it, and held out a quarter to pay the boy for his work.

Billy looked up in grieved surprise.

"Why, say," said he, "aren't the rest of the talent giving their services for nothing?"

This is a personal—with an object. Wm. H. Mead is blowing in his flute for the seventh time of asking with the Catalina Band. Happy man! Lovely isle, living in style, free from bile, making his pile—while we poor devils grind away three hundred and sixty-five days in the year trying to make unmeetable ends meet! Oh, pshaw! I used to play the fife in our college cadet corps. Why didn't mamma make me keep it up instead of turning me loose among long-haired pianists and décollete singers? Heigho!

Now for the object. Mr. Mead will have small appreciation of the seemliness of things if he does not in return for this tribute send me some facts (minus Meadean theories) regarding the Catalina Band and its work—not too long and not too strong, an' it please you.

A mere trifle of some nine hundred years or so ago, about the year 1020, Guido of Arezzo, the Benedictine monk, wrote:

"It often sounds during the mass not as if we were singing the praise of God, but as if we were quarreling amongst ourselves."

And are we in this year of grace, 1905, altered so much for the better?

Again Guido writes: "How can a man have the face to call himself a musician or singer if he cannot sing at once, and correctly, a newly composed song?" The question has not been answered in nine hundred years.

He even draws a distinction between the mere technician and a musician, and in the following verse gives a gentle hint to students of the present day:

"Twixt a singer and musician
Wide the distance and condition;
One repeats, the other knows
What doth harmony compose."

In his "Rules for Unknown Song" Guido is still more sarcastic. He says:

"Of all living men, singers are the most fatuous; for in every art we know many things besides those which we have learned from our teacher. Little boys, if they have once arrived at sufficient knowledge to read through the Psalter, can read all other books; rustics can quickly understand the science of agriculture; he who has once pruned a vine or once planted a tree, or once loaded an ass, will be able to do the same thing again, and probably better the second time; but these wonderful singing masters, and their pupils, may sing every day for a hundred years, yet they will never be able to sing the smallest unknown antiphon without previous instruction; so that they waste an amount of time with their wretched singing that would suffice for learning all the books in the world, both sacred and secular."

Henry M. Bosworth, the veteran organist of San Francisco, died on Saturday. Mr. Bosworth was born in Marietta, Ohio, sixty-five years ago. He came to California in 1854, and was for thirteen years organist of Calvary Church, of Trinity Church for eight years, and of Grace Church for over ten years. He was musical critic on the local newspapers for five years also. About two years ago he went East and edited a musical paper there, returning to San Francisco the beginning of this year. He was a member of the "Old Guard" of the Bohemian Club. A widow and one daughter, Mrs. Marietta Willats, survive him.—The Argonaut.

Mathilde Bauermeister took formal leave of the operatic stage at a special matinee at Covent Garden last Wednesday. Melba arranged the program and Caruso and Scotti were among those assisting in doing deserved honor to the most remarkable little utility woman who ever graced the boards.

It is certain the Bauermeister had, of all living singers, the greatest number of roles at her command; and she could unquestionably, at a moment's notice, have stepped in and filled any prima-donna breach if only her voice had been on a par with her other gifts. She will now settle down to teaching in London and become a veritable mine of golden aid to numberless struggling young artists.

C. V. Kerr, writing from Berlin to the Chicago Leader, has this to say in the course of a lengthy article on American girls in Europe:

"Impresarios who engage their singers at pitifully small salaries know that they are forcing them to look elsewhere for a helping hand. Many of them do not hesitate to give expression to this thought. A young singer with a most modest salary, whose costumes made exorbitant claims upon her purse,

cried in despair: 'How am I to buy these out of my slender salary?' The significant answer of the manager was: 'My dear child, who says you are to pay for them out of your salary? What are rich admirers for?' Scores of instances like the above could be quoted. 'Tis true, 'tis pity and pity 'tis 'tis true.'"

The parts in "The Court of Hearts" were so uniformly well played that especial prominence was hardly attained by any single participant, although Elizabeth Dickerson Spencer, whom all Denver music lovers adore, was the jolliest Jolly Joker imaginable, acting and looking the part to perfection.

"Whom all Denver music lovers adore" is a pretty enough tribute, but I can assure my old townfolk that Denver has no corner on the adorability of Mrs. Otis B. Spencer. I would not dare tell how many woe-begone countenances went meandering adown the daily ways when Lizzie Dickerson Spencer hied her homeward.

Winfield Blake, my old Denver choirboy, who was the corner stone of our own late lamented Pike Opera Company, and, subsequently, the perennial star of Fischer's San Francisco aggregation, is now in Australia with the John F. Sheridan Company.

Win Blake should easily have been at the very head of the classic group. I know of no young fellow who combined the great gifts of voice, native musical sense, temperament, ability and dramatic grasp in so high a degree as did the erratic young son of Isaac E. Blake, the oil magnate.

But, outside of his musical and dramatic work, Winfield was a "boy" of the first water, and he naturally and inevitably slipped into the line in which large money can be readily and regularly earned.

I saw both Win and his bank book when in San Francisco, and there was \$150 a week passing to his credit the year round. One can almost forgive the diversion of so great a talent from its proper mission in view of such gentle persuading as seven or eight thousand a year.

A Hartford youngster goes to church where the concluding "amen" of the parson's prayer is sung by the choir. The other night, after he had said his prayers, he produced a harmonica from beneath his pillow and astonished his mother by blowing a blast where the "amen" came in, remarking, "That's the way we do in church."—Hartford Post.

Not you, nor I of course, would give voice to anything as drastic as the subjoined. But it is part of the Graphic creed that even the pessimist may occasionally ring a righteous knell. Hence this spiel.

"Can anyone conduct a chorus? One might as well ask, can every farmer in the country play a piano? Can every housemaid write a symphony? When these things happen it will indicate a state of culture that will warrant the presumption that every man is a conductor. Until that time there will always be a doubt. The cheerful optimism with which some people break into the profession of music, with no evidence of its being premeditated, is something which warrants prolonged applause. Their perfect confidence in themselves and their simple, childlike faith in the outcome calls for tears."

My own particular tears have been on daily tap even from my youth up. How about yours, dear reader?

Estelle Cathrine Heartt

CONTRALTO

Concert, Oratorio, Recitals, Afternoons.

Vocal Instruction

STUDIO:
301 Blanchard Hall
Home Phone Ex. 82

RESIDENCE:
604 So. Chicago Street
Home Phone 41255

Although unavoidably absent from the opening Chautauqua concert of Monday evening it should go on record that Mr. Russo and his pupil, Edna Gruwell, made a most decided hit with the large and hugely enthusiastic audience. Donatelli's band also met its full share of public approval, the bright program as a whole thus starting the musical wheel smoothly on its twelve day revolution.

Possibly, however, it is scarcely fair to credit the Russo-Donatelli forces with the first touch of the lever, seeing that John Douglas Walker and a select little band of cohorts really flashed the initial flood of sweetness and light earlier in the day—a delightful function in which the deft, graceful hand of Mrs. Walker played a charming part in the matter of accompanying.

The Chautauqua and its musical concepts and management are as they should be. But the Venice musical idea as at present obtaining is altogether outside my range of sympathy.

The Chautauqua takes the best among our own artists, those who have borne the heat and burden of the local musical upbuilding, and gives them such honor and emolument as in it lies. Venice, on the contrary, puts the musical reins into the hands of outsiders who, making a pleasant summer jaunt, can give absolutely nothing to the Los Angeles public which could not be better drawn from average Los Angeles ability.

For example, Mr. Wrightson is making an appeal for five hundred voices with a view to a production of Mendelssohn's "St. Paul." This simply means that the trained chorists of the local societies are invited to range themselves under the banner of a casual caller who, so far as I know, has not only done nothing to bring them to their present stage of advancement but has no especial directorial reputation to justify this extremely uncalled for discrimination against our own good men and true.

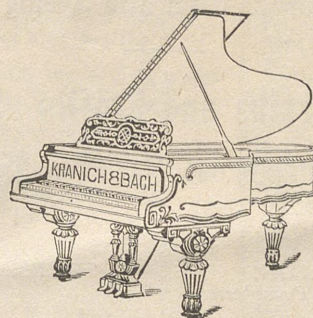
Still, the die is cast, of course, and we must needs take what the gods will give. But I unhesitatingly go on record in my belief that these summer visitations (which are common enough the country over) are among the most undesirable inflictions to which the smaller communities seem to be irretrievably doomed. And I am very sure that they never serve any better purpose than to instill a feeling of distressful unrest into the minds of students who, free from such interruption, would keep steadily to their legitimate course of work.

Nevertheless, let "St. Paul" be brought to a hearing; and if we in our Western benightedness can be shown how Mendelssohn should be done the **Graphic** will haste to give thanks. But, failing to make good, I tremble to think of what the daily press will do to Mr. Wrightson and his directorial reputation.

FREDERICK STEVENSON.

Mr. S. Wesley Martin begs to announce that, owing to the enthusiastic appreciation of his school-teachers class for the study of voice production, he intends to conduct a similar class for women and girl choristers of Los Angeles church choirs. The class, which will be entirely free, will be held in Mr. Martin's studio, Blanchard building, on Friday mornings at 11 o'clock, commencing Friday, July 21st, and it is hoped will tend to promote a higher standard of tone quality in Los Angeles choirs.

KRANICH & BACH



PIANOS

Whatever the conditions of your home may be, you can find a Kranich & Bach to fit them. Tone—brilliant or soft; Form—small grand or upright; Cases—carved or simple, but always artistic. And embodied in every Kranich & Bach is the musical quality that has made it the standard of piano value.

Geo. J. Birkel Company

STEINWAY AND CECILIAN DEALERS

345-347 South Spring Street

Dobinson School of Expression

Open All the Year Round.

Send for Catalogue.

Dobinson Auditorium
1044 S. Hope St., Los Angeles, Cal.

George A. Dobinson
Florence A. Dobinson

Mr. Frederick Stevenson,

Composer

(Under five years' contract with Oliver Ditson Co.)

Voice, Harmony, Composition.

Studio, 417 Blanchard Hall
Monday, Thursday, Saturday
Home Telephone Ex. 82

Graphic Office
391 Wilcox Building
Home Phone 8482

Blanchard Hall Building

Devoted Exclusively to

New addition of Eighty Studios

MUSIC, ART, SCIENCE

For terms and all information apply to

F. W. Blanchard
LOS ANGELES

233 South Broadway
232 South Hill Street

Domenico Russo

(The Tenor)

1946 PARK GROVE AVENUE

VOICE CULTURE AND STUDY OF GRAND OPERA
Phone Home 24661 9 to 11 a.m. 2 to 5 p.m.

LOS ANGELES NATIONAL BANK

N. E. corner First and Spring streets

Capital, Surplus and Profits \$844,000.00

Total Resources = = = \$5,390,000.00

W. C. PATTERSON,
PresidentG. E. BITTINGER,
CashierSAFETY AND
PROFIT

Every dollar of your idle money should be earning interest. It isn't necessary to invest it or tie it up. We will pay you **4 per cent** interest on your savings account. We also solicit your commercial business. Safe Deposit Boxes For Rent From \$2.00 Up. . . .

State Bank and Trust Co.

CAPITAL \$500,000.00

DEPOSITS \$2,000,000.00

JOHN T. GRIFFITH CO.

ESTABLISHED 1892

Real Estate and Insurance

Member L. A. Realty Board.

Home Phone 416
Sunset Main 4160122 POTOMAC BLDG.
Los Angeles, Cal.

Security Savings Bank

J. F. SARTORI, President
JOHN E. PLATER, Vice President
T. Q. HALL, Assistant CashierMAURICE S. HELLMAN, Vice Pres.
W. D. LONGYEAR, Cashier and Sec'y
W. M. CASWELL, Assistant Sec'y

4%

ON TERM DEPOSITS

3%

ON ORDINARY DEPOSITS

Capital and Surplus
\$643,000Resources Over
\$13,255,000Location, Herman W. Hellman Building N. E. Cor. 4th and Spring
MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE

Safety Deposit Boxes for rent \$2 a year and up.

Largest Savings Bank in Southern California

Application has been made for a charter for the California National Bank of Riverside. In a few days charter application also will be made for a new savings bank for Riverside. The moving spirit in the two new banking enterprises is Truman E. Stevens, president of the Blair, Neb., State Bank, and the Arlington, Neb., State Bank. The California National Bank will have a paid-up capital of \$100,000, and Mr. Stevens will associate with him a number of Riverside business men and capitalists. It is hoped to have the new banks open by September 1.

Financial

The First State Bank of Inglewood will erect a two-story brick building at Inglewood. The cost will be \$5,600.

Rumors of new banks at Riverside are getting to be as common as new beach subdivisions. A group of Riverside capitalists headed by W. G. Fraser and F. A. Tetley, has taken an option for a five years lease on the corner of Main and Seventh streets. In this scheme are a number of large stockholders in the late lamented Orange Growers' National Bank. Outside capital is also said to be interested to some extent, but the promoters will give no information on this point. Robert Lee Bettner, polo expert, clubman and realty operator, is making a canvass among business men for another new bank. He is making a still hunt and nobody connected with the enterprise will make a statement. A good percentage of the capital stock is said to have been subscribed.

Los Angeles architects have completed plans of a two story brick building to be erected at Playa del Rey for the Southern California Realty Company. The lower floor will be used for banking purposes.

The Union National Bank of San Luis Obispo has rented rooms for temporary business, and will open about August 1st. W. F. Summers is president and T. W. Dibblee, cashier.

Bonds

The West Side Improvement Association of Pasadena is urging a bond issue to provide more school facilities in the Garfield district.

The Board of Supervisors of Los Angeles County has sold the Los Nietos Valley High School issue of \$20,000 to the Oakland Bank of Savings; the Tropico School District issue of \$12,000 to the Riverside Savings Bank and Trust Company; the \$6000 issue of the Lankershim School District to the Oakland Savings Bank.

Los Angeles will be given an opportunity to purchase a part of Japan's fourth war loan, the total amount of which will be \$150,000,000. The Farmers and Merchants' National Bank has been advised the securities will be placed on sale in this city simultaneously with the time they are offered in New York, Berlin and London. The bonds will be offered at 87½ and accrued interest.

A mandamus proceeding regarding the issuance of \$730,000 worth of bonds is being prepared by the city attorney of Los Angeles at the request of the board of education, and will be heard by the supreme court of California.

Gardena district school bonds to the amount of \$1500 will be sold by the Los Angeles supervisors on July 31.

The California Fruit Growers' Association of Los Angeles will meet July 24 and act on a proposition to issue \$50,000 in bonds.

An election to authorize the issuance of \$135,000 high school bonds is on the tapis at San Diego.

W. R. Todd & Co. of Cincinnati have purchased the issue of \$57,000 electric lighting bonds of the city of Santa Ana.

Hollywood has voted to issue \$15,000 bonds, the money to be used in building bridges and culverts.

The board of supervisors of Los Angeles county will sell the \$7000 issue of Glendora school bonds on July 31. The \$1000 issue of the Burbank school district will be sold the same day.

Redlands proposes to issue \$10,000 street improvement bonds.

S. S. Delley has filed suit against a number of the district high schools of Los Angeles county and against the county board of school trustees. The fight is over the recent subdivision of the New River school district, which was divided, part being turned over to the Norwalk and part to the Artesia districts. Delley opposed action at the time, also the bonding of the districts under \$20,000. He alleges that both bonding and divisions are illegal.

The Oxnard trustees have called an election on July 31, to decide on the issue of \$45,000 sewer bonds.

E. H. Rollins & Co. have bid \$2458 premium for the \$40,000 water works bond issue of Santa Barbara. The bonds extend over 40 years and bear 4½ per cent interest.

Ocean Park will sell its \$15,000 sewer bond issue on July 24.

Fielding J. Stilson Co.

Paid up Capital \$150,000

Realty Stocks Bonds

Member L. A. Realty Board

L. A. Stock Exchange

Western Union Code

Cable Address "Stilson"

305 H. W. Hellman Bldg.

Telephone 105

Los Angeles

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Wilcox Bldg., Cor. Second and Spring

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Capital and Surplus - \$1,360,000

Deposits - - - - 6,950,000

Resources - - - - 8,800,000

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT FOR WOMEN

Dollar Savings Bank & Trust Co.

N. E. CORNER FOURTH AND BROADWAY

CAPITAL \$100,000

4% Paid on Term Deposits.

OFFICERS

James C. Kays, President William D. Stephens, Vice-President
C. C. Desmond, Vice-President Wilson G. Tanner, Secretary.

DIRECTORS

W. C. Patterson William Mead Robert N. Bulla Oscar C. Mueller
C. C. Desmond Wm. D. Stephens James C. Kays

Safe Deposit Boxes For Rent Open Saturdays from 6:30 to
\$2.50 and upward per annum 8 p. m. to receive Deposits.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA SAVINGS BANK

Organized
January
1885

Southeast Corner of Fourth
and Spring Streets

4% interest paid on term deposits

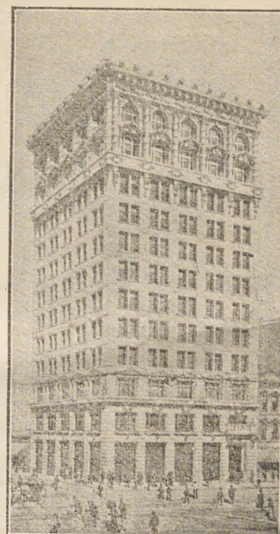
Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent

\$2.00 per year up

We invite inspection of our vaults
which are the finest west
of Chicago

Officers and Directors—J. H. Braly,
President; A. H. Braly, Vice-Presi-
dent; Chas. H. Toll, Cashier; W. D.
Woolwine, Vice-President; J. H.
Griffin, Sec.; J. M. Elliott, H. Jevne,
W. C. Patterson.

Open Saturday Evenings,
6:30 to 8:30



TO PORTLAND \$40 Round Trip

VIA

SALT LAKE ROUTE

Through Salt Lake City and Ogden, along the Beautiful
Columbia River to Portland.

Tickets on sale every Friday, June 9th—October 8th,
inclusive. Limit twenty-one days. Stopovers allowed at
all points on return trip within final limit.

Information and Literature gladly furnished at City
Office, 250 S. SPRING. Both Phones 352. or Salt Lake
Depot, EAST FIRST STREET, Home Phone 490. Sun-
set 4095.

E. W. GILLETT,
Gen. Pass. Agt.

T. C. PECK,
Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt.

GO EAST

VIA

Overland Limited

Pullman Vestibuled Compartment,
Observation, Drawing Room, Li-
brary, (Barber and Bath) and
Dining Cars

San Francisco to Chicago

(Without Change)

Come back via

New Orleans and
Sunset Route

Southern Pacific

261 South Spring

CUPID CHIPS

The daintiest member of the cracker family

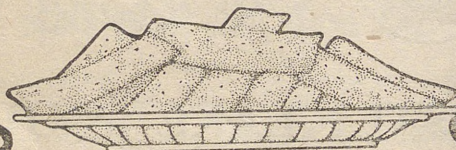
With light refreshments Cupid Chips are the nicest wafers one can serve

Attractive in size and shape, so crisp and fresh they make delightful eating

When you want something better than the ordinary cracker buy Cupid Chips

BISHOP & COMPANY

Highest Award, Grand Prize by Original Jury,
St. Louis, Jellies, Jams, Preserves.



Wouldn't you consider it a convenience worth availing yourself of, to be able to buy a month's supply of milk at one time, that would keep in your pantry until you used it? Then you could use just the amount of milk wanted each day—none to waste. Housekeepers who use Lily Cream have this convenience. Your grocer sells Lily Cream.

Pacific Creamery Co.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

H. JEVNE CO.

Mi Favorita Cigars *A Good Smoke For Any Time*

Mi Favoritas are PARK & TILFORD'S Clear Havana Cigars, manufactured at Key West. Not a better smoke to be had—not a more enjoyable one. We're selling them at PARK & TILFORD'S New York prices. If you once try a Mi Favorita it will be your smoke every time. Drop in and buy a box to take with you on your end of the week outing.

208-210 South Spring Street
Wilcox Building

Drink Puritas

The regular use of Puritas Distilled Water assures your family at least one important thing—

Freedom from illness caused by impure drinking water.

Every drop of Puritas is pure water—every drop healthful and wholesome.

5 gallons of Puritas cost but 40c.

Phone Exchange 6, either service.



L. A. Ice & Cold Storage Co.

8057440